

The Riponshire Advocate.

No 1728.

Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1910.

PRICE THREEPENCE

POST AND TELEGRAPH RATES.

For the information of our Readers, we have published the following rates for the transmission of telegrams.

RATES FOR PLACES IN AUSTRALIA.

Letters—Halfpenny per word, including the charge for the telegram.

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ORDINARY TELEGRAMS.

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BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

We are indebted to Mr. Jas. McKeich for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1889.

99 00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09

Jan. 11.1111 (25.5) 20.1434 (26.1) 8.11 (80.21)

Feb. 19.01 (20.3) 20.2341 (26.1) 94.106 (53.9)

Mar. 27.47 (26.1) 18.1491 (25.3) 20.3057 (26.1)

Apr. 23.61 (22.4) 12.1491 (25.3) 20.3057 (26.1)

May 15.15 (15.1) 9.229 (20.3) 33.542 (26.1)

June 11.11 (11.1) 10.655 (10.6) 20.3057 (26.1)

July 10.10 (10.1) 10.655 (10.6) 20.3057 (26.1)

Aug. 27.74 (28.1) 19.141 (17.2) 20.3057 (26.1)

Sept. 25.27 (25.2) 20.3057 (26.1) 20.3057 (26.1)

Oct. 28.11 (28.1) 20.3057 (26.1) 20.3057 (26.1)

Nov. 20.21 (20.2) 20.3057 (26.1) 20.3057 (26.1)

Dec. 10.11 (10.1) 20.3057 (26.1) 20.3057 (26.1)

Total 20.3057 (26.1) 20.3057 (26.1) 20.3057 (26.1)

1910—January, 14.1 points; February, 25.3; March, 51.8; April, 7.8; May, 28.1; June, 32.0; July, 10.6; August, 22.5; September, 4.6; October, 25.7; November, 20.2; December, 10.1.

Average per year—1900, 20.3; 1901, 20.3; 1902, 25.6; 1903, 25.7; 1904, 27.7; 1905, 9.0; 1906, 27.0; 1907, 19.0; 1908, 26.9.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is today more popular than ever, because of its being undoubtedly the most powerful remedy for blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For SCROFULA, SCURVY, ECZEMA, BLOOD POISON, ULCERS, SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES. It is a safe and permanent remedy. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones. This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr. F. E. Lewis, of Bridge Street, Row, Clester, writes:—"Just line in your of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for benefit until I took your mixture. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please send this letter as a token of gratitude to your kind friend, 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr. W. G. Weston, care of Messrs. Knott, of 40, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit to health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble for several years. While an out-patient at the age of fifteen, London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was due to impure blood. Under my care, my father being a horse-dealer, he was cured of a severe leg, due to a skin disease. (He says he is) speaking of the skin disease, which was cured by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until I had a last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. I then started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and after a few bottles, my skin cleared up, and I am now a healthy man. I am a clerk, and my work is very important. I am very grateful to you for your mixture, and I am sure it will be of great benefit to many others. I am a clerk, and my work is very important. I am very grateful to you for your mixture, and I am sure it will be of great benefit to many others. I am a clerk, and my work is very important. I am very grateful to you for your mixture, and I am sure it will be of great benefit to many others.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

Daily.	RAILWAY.	Closing Time.
Melbourne	... a.m.	8 and 4.50 p.m.
Hallat	8 and 4.50
Geelong	8 and 4.50
Trawalla	8 and 4.50

An additional mail is made up for Melbourne, closing at 8 p.m., for despatch by the following morning's express.

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m.
Ararat, 11.50 and 8 p.m.
Stawell, 11.50 and 7.50 p.m.
Middle Creek, 11.50 and 7.50 p.m.
Murttoa, 11.50 and 7.50 p.m.
Bunambur, 11.50

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.
English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

Daily	RAILWAY.	Closing Time.
Raglan	a.m.
Waterloo	9
Wat-look	9
Mar. Lead	9
Clute	9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	9
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	9
Nerring	9
Lake Goldsmith	9
Stock		

THE SMART STORE FOR MEN'S WEAR.

Ready-to-wear Suits for Men, Youths, and Boys, At COUGLE'S Equal to Tailor-made. Good Fitting, Well made.

THE STORE FOR FASHION SHIRTS.

A large variety of newest designs.

THE STORE FOR HATS. HATS. HATS.

Straw Boaters, Felts, Panama. Agent for WOODROW'S Straw and Felt Hats.

THE STORE FOR BOYS' SUITS. BOYS' SUITS.

Big stock to choose from. SMARTEST STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.

YOU BUY RIGHT IF YOU BUY AT

G. H. COUGLE'S, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

W. H. HALPIN

Desires to inform the Public that he is prepared to Sell Hay, Oats, Chaff, Bran, Pollard, &c., At Lowest Current Rates.

Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Produce. W. H. H. respectfully solicits a fair share of public patronage.

Fencing and Barb Wire always on hand; also Galvanised Iron and other Hardware.

Full supply of Cornsacks, New and Secondhand, including Full Size New, on hand.

Oats at Lowest Rates. Hay Forks, Water Bags, and Corn Sacks, at Lowest Prices.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hotel is a fine clean hand, the dress, and the service is of the highest quality.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales kept. FIRST CLASS BEERS.

Make a specialty of my food. First-class food and accommodations. The proprietors are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jones.

Your Bridal Photograph. Famous BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

RICHARDS & CO., Entertaining Photographs. Size of Photo. 12 x 14. 15 x 12.

Complete in the new solid Art Wood. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Richards & Co., Sturt Street, BALLARAT.

FREE CERTAIN— 2 + 2 = 4: Just as Certain— HARRIS' RHEUMATIC POWDERS.

An Entirely New and Valuable Remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney, Backache, and Muscular Pains.

SEND FOR SAMPLES. J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

United Ancient Order of Druids. THE ORDER'S MEETING will be held in the GUILD HALL, BEAUFORT, on TUESDAY EVENING, next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.

Mr. J. H. Collins, of the Beaufort postal staff, who some weeks ago received notice of a transfer to Echuca, will leave Beaufort next week.

In the interstate tennis matches on Saturday, Mr. S. Young (Beaufort), owing to a scratch, by 6-0, 6-0, in the country players' singles handicap.

At the Araratshire Council meeting on Thursday, Mr. J. Wykes was appointed weighmaster at Middle Creek at 55 per cent of the fees.

The right to the following booties at the Beaufort Athletic Club's Boxing Day sports will be sold by public auction at Dixon Bros. & Halpin's office on Saturday, 10th inst., at 2 p.m., viz.: Publicans' (including soft drinks for day), luncheon, fruit (day and night separate), and soft drinks (night only).

Mr Marshall Backhouse, who has been in the employ of Mr. J. B. Cochran for about two years, has received an appointment in a Government fencing party, and left Beaufort on Tuesday.

The Railway Department has purchased 1500 tons of firewood from the Waterloo and Traralgon Propy. Co. Ltd., under the option of taking another 500 tons, and instructions have been given to remove the wood as quickly as possible, a daily minimum of 20 trucks and a maximum of 30 being employed for the purpose.

Mr W. B. Broad, who has been a clerk in the Beaufort branch of the Bank of Victoria for two years, has been promoted and transferred to Avoca. His place will be filled by Mr Harold Backhouse, who has also been promoted.

A record was established at the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday in the matter of disposing of business in quick time. Messrs E. W. Hughes and D. F. Troy, J.P., showed their acumen as judges in the matter of putting through 32 cases in 55 minutes.

As a result of cashing cheques for employees of the Traralgon and Waterloo Tramway Pty. Ltd., a Waterloo butcher, named John Joseph Frusher, resigned himself in the position of being obliged to sue the company for the recovery of the sum of £24 5s, which represents the aggregate amount represented on their cheques.

We learn from the "Grenville Standard" that at the monthly meeting of the Grenvilleville Council on Thursday, 24th Nov., the secretary stated that there was nothing official before the council with regard to the dispute with Riponshire over the joint work on the shire boundaries.

An exciting bolt took place in Beaufort on Tuesday evening. Mr Ambrose Kelly had left a pony and gig outside Mr Kelly's office, whilst he was attending to some business. The pony became startled and made off.

For Cast Shares, all makes, Plead Chains, Harness, American Plows, Seed Drills, and up-to-date Implements, you should try HAWKES BROS., The Ironmongers, Beaufort, who are local agents for the International Harvester Co.

W. C. JONES, PHONO. DEPOT, NEALL & HAVELOCK STS., BEAUFORT. Religious Services. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3RD, 1910.

Edison Phonograph! The enjoyment of music is a kind that lasts. It stays in your quiet moments and enlivens your lively ones.

We are in receipt of a list of the prize-winners at the Ararat and District Rifle Clubs' Union prize meeting at Stawell on 16th Nov. In the Hopwood Handicap (7 shots at 200yds.), T. E. Sands and R. Ingram (Beaufort), drew 5 each.

In the service match (7 shots at 200yds.), D. F. Troy won £1 5s, dividing with T. E. Sands, J. H. Collins, and J. Prentice (each 7 shots at 200yds.).

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Judging by a communication received from the secretary of the Horsham Borough Band, it is considered that the band intends to compete at the Beaufort Athletic Club's band contest on Boxing Day.

The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind entertainers visited Beaufort on Tuesday night and held an enjoyable biograph entertainment, interspersed with illustrated songs, etc. The show was well patronised. The company also visited the surrounding district.

Miss Nickols will hold an art exhibition at the Golden Age Hall, Beaufort, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. Visitors are cordially invited.

It was estimated by the chief engineer for railway construction (Mr Kernot) on Saturday that 70 miles of new railways on the Newtown-Beece, Cressy-Lismore (Gheringhap-Maroona), Ouyen to Kow Plains, and other lines under construction, would be ready for hauling the harvest this season.

Fourteen ladies attended a meeting in the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute on Friday evening, 25th November, and decided to assist in the arrangement of a bazaar in aid of the Model Band instrument fund. A lively interest was manifested by them in the matter, and a second meeting was held last night to complete the arrangements.

Dixon Bros. and Halpin and Theo. Schlicht, in conjunction (Mr. W. H. Halpin, auctioneer), held a highly successful farm clearing sale of horses, sheep, and stock, on Thursday, Prime lambs brought up to 8s; and 5-year-old ewes sold at 5s. The sundries were cleared at very satisfactory figures.

About 2,900 acres of the Mount Emta Estate (farming land) is advertised in this issue by private treaty in one lot or in small areas. Full particulars and plans may be obtained from Goldsbrough, Mort & Co., Ltd., Melbourne; Reynolds & Co., Bendigo; Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mount Emta, Chepstow.

The Commonwealth land tax is discussed by the "Economist" in its current issue. It says: "Investors in Australian land companies have had their faith a little shaken by political affairs during the last few months. It seems certain that the land tax will restrict new enterprise, but its effect on capital already invested remains to be seen."

The Australian Estates and Mortgage Company Ltd. at their usual weekly sale brought down an attractive and representative selection of 3,300 bales, comprising large clips from Eastern Riverina and the Lachlan districts of New South Wales, and from South-Central Victoria, together with numerous excellent smaller lots from the same districts of New South Wales and Victoria.

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Mr W. B. Broad, who has been a clerk in the Beaufort branch of the Bank of Victoria for two years, has been promoted and transferred to Avoca. His place will be filled by Mr Harold Backhouse, who has also been promoted.

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As a result of cashing cheques for employees of the Traralgon and Waterloo Tramway Pty. Ltd., a Waterloo butcher, named John Joseph Frusher, resigned himself in the position of being obliged to sue the company for the recovery of the sum of £24 5s, which represents the aggregate amount represented on their cheques.

We learn from the "Grenville Standard" that at the monthly meeting of the Grenvilleville Council on Thursday, 24th Nov., the secretary stated that there was nothing official before the council with regard to the dispute with Riponshire over the joint work on the shire boundaries.

An exciting bolt took place in Beaufort on Tuesday evening. Mr Ambrose Kelly had left a pony and gig outside Mr Kelly's office, whilst he was attending to some business. The pony became startled and made off.

For Cast Shares, all makes, Plead Chains, Harness, American Plows, Seed Drills, and up-to-date Implements, you should try HAWKES BROS., The Ironmongers, Beaufort, who are local agents for the International Harvester Co.

Edison Phonograph! The enjoyment of music is a kind that lasts. It stays in your quiet moments and enlivens your lively ones.

We are in receipt of a list of the prize-winners at the Ararat and District Rifle Clubs' Union prize meeting at Stawell on 16th Nov. In the Hopwood Handicap (7 shots at 200yds.), T. E. Sands and R. Ingram (Beaufort), drew 5 each.

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W. C. JONES, PHONO. DEPOT, NEALL & HAVELOCK STS., BEAUFORT. Religious Services. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3RD, 1910.

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BEAUFORT POLICE COURT. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1ST, 1910. (Before Messrs M. Flynn and E. W. Hughes, J.P.s.) Siney Kelly was charged with wilfully breaking a pane of glass, valued at 10s, the property of Mary Ann Hellyer, the licensee of the Commercial Hotel, Beaufort, on Monday night, 28th Nov.

Defendant pleaded guilty, and stated that he remembered nothing about it, as he was intoxicated. Mary Ann Hellyer, sworn, stated that she was the licensee of the Commercial Hotel, She remembered the night of Monday, 28th November. Accused was in the hotel. He was creating a disturbance, and she said she would put him out. He said she could not get anyone to put him out. He had a bottle in his hand and threatened to hit her with it. She pushed him outside with one hand and shut the door with the other. He then threw the bottle through a glass door and broke three panes of glass. It cost her 5s to repair it.

Sergeant Nicholson said that defendant was fined 5s on the previous day for being drunk and disorderly. To Mr Flynn—There is no charge of being drunk and disorderly against him today. Defendant was fined £1, or 14 days' imprisonment, and ordered to pay 5s costs.

Kelly said he had only 10s, and asked for 24 hours in which to pay the fine. The request was granted. Mr Flynn here left the bench, and Mr D. F. Troy, J.P., took his place.

Michael Flynn, stockkeeper of Waterloo, applied for a garnishee order against the Railway Commissioners in connection with the Traralgon and Waterloo Tramway Proprietary Co. Ltd., against which he obtained a verdict for debt at last court. There was no appearance of defendant.

Mr Minchin (Clerk of Courts) read a letter from the Railway Commissioners asking that the case be postponed for 14 days. An order was made on the tramway company by the Court of Petty Sessions at Beaufort on 22nd November, 1910, for the payment of £35 11 11.

Michael Flynn stated that the Railway Department practically held all the money the tramway company had, and in the face of that the court would be perfectly justified in making an order. He read a letter from the department, stating they were unable to state the amount available for attachment, and in the face of that the court would be perfectly justified in making an order.

It was very important, however, complainant said, that he should get a judgment that day. He happened to be in the race for one, in his hand, there being a great number of cases to be heard against the defendant company that day. They could make a clear judgment, but he could not do so without the aid of the court. He believed he could put seven men in the witness box who would swear in court, who would make a clear judgment, but he could not do so without the aid of the court.

The Bench decided to make an order against the Railway Commissioners for £25 11 11, with 6s costs. Mr D. Clark, solicitor of Ballarat, appeared for no less than 30 complainants in debt cases against the Traralgon and Waterloo Tramway Proprietary Co. Ltd. The claims were for wages and material supplied. There was no appearance of defendants, and in none of the cases listed, the complainants swore.

Mr Clarke said he appeared for the complainants. It was necessary to prove the incorporation of the company, so he would hand in the certificate before proceeding further. George Aldrich, Traralgon and Waterloo Tramway Proprietary Co. Ltd., claiming £7 18s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

Arthur Aldrich v. same, claiming £7 18s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. John Carland v. same. No appearance of plaintiff, and case adjourned till Tuesday, 13th Decr.

William Boyd v. same, claiming £7 18s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. William Hayley v. same, claiming £7 18s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

James Robertson v. same, claiming £6 17s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. Martin Sampson v. same, claiming £7 6s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

John Frusher v. same, claiming £29 15s. Order for amount, with £2 4s 6d costs. John Joseph Frusher v. same. No appearance of plaintiff, and case adjourned to Tuesday, 13th Decr.

Thomas Hayley v. same, claiming £7 18s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. Thomas Lewis v. same, claiming £22 5s. Order for amount, with £2 4s 6d costs.

William Lewis v. same, claiming £15 11s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. James Lewis v. same, claiming £5 10s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

Charles Newby v. same, claiming £5 10s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. Donald McDonald v. same, claiming £5 10s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

George Cleland v. same, claiming £20 7s. Order for amount, with £2 4s 6d costs. William Cleland v. same, claiming £22 3s. Order for amount, with £2 4s 6d costs.

Bert Russell v. same, claiming £4 4s. Order for amount, with 13s costs. William Russell v. same, claiming £3 4s. Order for amount, with 13s costs.

Christopher Curran v. same. No appearance of plaintiff, and case adjourned to Tuesday, 13th Decr. William Ernest Finch v. same, claiming £8 6s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

William Scharp v. same, claiming £5 2s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. Albert Smith v. same, claiming £5 12s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

Norman Smith v. same, claiming £5 12s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. John Rutherford v. same, claiming £11 18s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

James Goldsmith v. same, claiming £6 14s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. Walter Chibnall v. same, claiming £17 8s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

James Dwyer v. same, claiming £16 4s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs. Michael Collins v. same, claiming £14 0s. Order for amount, with £1 3s 6d costs.

The total sum for which the branch amounted to £27,000, and allowed totalling £31,170. A marine store licence was granted to James Fullerton, the secretary of the police stating that they had no objection.

BEAUFORT BRANCH A.N.A. HALF-YEARLY MEETING. There were 14 members present at the half-yearly meeting of the Beaufort branch A.N.A. at the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, 29th Nov.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. A formal correspondence was read. Mr A. R. Fordyce was elected secretary for the year ending 31st Decr. during his recent absence from the branch new members were elected. The president, in a very interesting address, extended thanks to the past six months. He said that the branch was in a very simple and sincere. The secretary and the president were thanked for their services during the past six months. He said that the branch was in a very simple and sincere. The secretary and the president were thanked for their services during the past six months.

DINNER WITH THE SAVAGES.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT A FAMOUS LONDON CLUB.

A home dinner of the Savage Club is a thing to remember. These dinners are held every Saturday night...

Let us go on to-night. What a shabby carpet!

My dear fellow, musicians and lawyers and actors and learned clergymen and authors have helped to make that carpet shabby, and if it were to be taken up and a new one substituted there are a number of grave and reverend seigniors with flowing beards, yes, and many clean-shaven men whose talents are not so great as their years, who would rise in protest.

What a shabby carpet! If you are looking for splendour and gaudy decoration this is not the club for you.

It is nearly seven o'clock. That little room over there is the bar. What stories have been told there, and what State secrets have been discussed under the rose of the club!

Let us not linger in the bar-room, but go into the dining-room, where already the diners are beginning to assemble.

Bearded and bald and smooth-faced and almond-eyed and silky-bearded after the manner of certain Asiatics; keen-eyed sailors and bronzed rascals, and intellectually pallid men of London and ruddy-faced squires in for the season, and romantic-looking leading men through their turn.

Perhaps a bishop is among them, perhaps a world-famed painter, perhaps the leading member of the Opposition, perhaps a pianist whose thumb-nails draw golden dollars from the white keys. Oh, there are all sorts and conditions of men here.

See that old man over there, the man with the flowing white beard. No one knows his age. He may have stepped over the 100 mark for his age. He gives. He has always been old, the next oldest member will tell you that, but he enters into the dinners with zest.

There is a famous artist on "Punch," and next to him is a son of a former Premier, himself a Lord, and beyond him is the Consul-General of the United States, and on his left is a world-famous war correspondent, and next to him is a man who writes stories of adventure for boys and makes more money in a month than you or I make in a year. The man next him has not sold a picture for three months, and if the truth were known he borrowed the money to pay his score, but when he is called upon for a contribution to the evening's entertainment there will be nothing in his manner to indicate his ill-luck.

The joy of life is his, and whether he sells his pictures or only has the pleasure of painting them, he will be as happy as the happiest. Those things are temperamental. Blessed is the man who is born with a happy disposition. Fortune buffets him in vain. He smiles under her punishment.

All are seated and the dinner has begun. As time goes on you who are an inveterate cigarette smoker feel tempted to take out your cigarette case, but if you happen to know the unwritten law of the club you will wait.

The dinner goes on. The writer of boy's stories, who is one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, has ordered a bottle of champagne, and turned to the artist he asks him to help him drink it. The clerkman on the artist's other hand is drinking "bitter," while that dissipated-looking old man, a famous Egyptologist, by the way, is drinking ginger ale.

The courses run along, the talk gets more and more animated, and at last, when the savoury is served and the dinner concluded—coffee is at your own option, and not a part of the game as in America—the chairman rises in his seat and bangs on the table with his big black gavel.

"Brother Savages, you may smoke." The artist draws out a package of cigarettes and offers it to the author, and all around the table lights are struck, and pipes and cigars and cigarettes glow.

Again the gavel pounds, and the chairman announces that the next business item will be the Saturday following, and that the Saturday following, and so will be in the chair. A famous editor.

Now the gavel sounds for the third time, and the doors are closed. None may go out nor may enter until the first number on the programme is concluded. What a sensible plan!

"I call on Brother Savage," who will give us an original nocturne looking at a little list which he has prepared.

If you are really musical prepare for a treat. I have been to more than one Savage Club dinner, and have heard a score or more musical numbers, and 99 per cent. of them were of rare merit. Paderewski himself might be a guest of the club, and if he were called on he would play unobtrusively. A spirit of noblesse oblige animates the diners.

At the conclusion of his beautiful number the auditors greet him with stimulating applause, and he is comparatively, also original.

Now the doors are opened to let those who have other engagements be arriving after the dinner to come in, and then the chairman calls on Brother Savage Raven Hill to draw something.

The man who has influenced so many of the younger illustrators rises from his chair and comes forward and draws an impromptu cartoon on the sheet of paper provided

for the purpose. What economy of line, what sureness of touch, what vis comica.

Phil May and Tom Browne in their day drew many a sketch for the delectation of the fellow Savages. One of Phil May's lightning pastels, "Irritating as Mephistopheles," hangs in the bar—a masterpiece.

Here comes one in at the opened door. He has just been doing a turn at the Palace Music-hall, for which he received I don't know how many guineas, but when the chairman calls on him he will do his whole turn for love.

Isn't he clever? Something like Grossmith in his mastery of the keyboard, but with a humour all his own.

Here comes a baritone singer, evidently a great favourite, to judge by the affectionate remarks like "Good boy, Tommy," "Here's luck," and the like.

Oh, what richness of tone, and what a method! It is easy to see that they love his singing because he loves it himself. All the arts in the world will not make up for absence of temper and yet another! Aren't you glad you came?

Limitations of well-known actors, dramatic solos, an imitation of the late Henry Irving by a Japanese glee, very clever in spite of the limitations of accent, a bassoon solo, and then the door opens and in comes Harry somebody.

"Hello, Harry!" "God bless you you old mucker!" "Hey, Harry, don't sing until I've had a chance."

He has been singing at a music hall, and now turns up late to see and be seen by the boys, who seem to have a real affection for the still youthful-looking fellow.

He is called upon and sings "A Wandering Minstrel I." How it wanders it all back, "Koko" and "Pitty Sing" and all the rest. Is it twenty years? No, it isn't; it's twenty-five, you old gentleman, you. The years are rushing along and you are nearly fifty. But this boy—he is a boy still—sings with all the old sweetness.

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo, Harry!" "Hi, hi, hi!" "Bravo, Harry."

Now it is eleven o'clock, and the regular programme is over.

All join crossed hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne." The old man grips the hand of the stranger next to him, and he returns the grip.

Now "God Save the King" for a wind-up. Join in and sing it. The dinner is over. You have taken part in a very famous function and you will not soon forget it. The bar is crowded. Now for brilliant conversation and a series of drinks.

Hello, is that clock right? Three o'clock!

Daylight has hurried back to London, and it's time you were abed. What a night it has been!

What kindly Savages!—Charles Battell Loomis, in the New-York "Sun."

NOT CAT'S MEAT.

"Ere's quality! Ere's quality! Prime stuff at fivepence! Stuff or Hinglish bullocks, fed by Hinglish farmers!"

Thus, with a zeal that gave promise of next-morning hoarseness, the proprietor of the gutter meat stall advertised his wares.

A lady with a string bag paused, sniffed and proceeded to turn over his stock.

"I'll take this at fourpence," she calmly observed.

"I don't think!" added the merchant. "Fivepence a pound, mum!"

"Fourpence or nothing!" exclaimed the lady.

"Fivepence or nothing!" "Fourpence!" whined the suburban lady once again.

"Fivepence, I tell yer!" repeated the man. "Why, what'd the people you have arst ter yer party say if they knew you was givin' 'em fourpenny beef?"

"Yer makin' a mistake, young fellow!" retorted the lady. "I ain't thinkin' o' givin' no parties! I'm poisonin' a dawg!"

THE FALL THAT FAILED.

High up, 300ft. above the level of the ground, the steeplejack proceeded with the performance of his perilous task. Low down, 300ft. below the level of the steeplejack, a patient crowd of expectant onlookers watched his operations.

"For a whole hour they watched. He gives me the cold shivers!" exclaimed one.

"For a second hour they watched. He makes me feel weak in the knees!" observed a second.

"Then they all sighed. 'Well, well,' they murmured resignedly. 'There doesn't seem to be much use waiting any longer! I don't believe he's going to fall!'"

And so, sadly, they proceeded on their ways.

Immured in the darkest dungeon beneath the castle moat, he pondered deeply over possible means of flight.

But he found none. "If only I had a file or a saw!" he moaned, as he regarded the solid bars across the solitary window.

Suddenly an idea struck him. His face lit up like a warehouse conflagration.

Rapidly running over his supply of clothes just back from the laundry, he selected the best fitted for his purpose, and, five minutes later, the great middle bar of the window, dexterously severed by the sawlike edge, had fallen asunder.

He was in—r-r-ree!

The only reason that I am afraid of death is because life is so good.—A. L. Court.

THE HOLLOW LOG.

A SNAKE STORY.

At the time this thrilling adventure took place I was engaged in a little amateur rabbit-killing in the north-west corner of Victoria, called the mallee country, after the dense growth of mallee or eucalyptus thick which covers it. It is a part of Australia in which it rains but seldom, in which the thermometer in summer mounts to 120 degrees F. in the shade now and then, and in which winter is quite likely to bring a blizzard, that makes outdoor existence a burden.

I had gone to spend some time with a relative who had bought a tract of land in that drought-stricken and rabbit-scoured country, and I was anxious to get all the fun I could before going back to school.

At the station there was only themselves and a man cook. The shepherds seldom made their appearance, except to draw their wages, and of neighbours there was none.

The entire country was practically abandoned to the rabbit and the wild dog, and visitors were few and far between. Both men regarded me coming as a veritable godsend, and they tried to make my stay as pleasant for me as they knew how.

It was February, the hottest month of the year, and I had been left alone on the station, both my cousin and his partner having gone seventy miles on horseback to vote at the General Election.

They were to be absent for three days, and I was invited to accompany them, but preferred to remain behind and take charge of the premises. It was burning hot and cloudless when they set off, but they were barely out of sight before the rain came down in torrents after the true Australian fashion. In less than twenty-four hours more than two inches had fallen.

It cleared, however, before the following morning, and left a heat intense and muggy as the tropics—the very weather, I remember thinking, for snakes, which abound in that part of Victoria. For an hour or two after breakfast I sat and sweated, trying to look over some old English magazines and the sports, but at last the heat and the solitude became unbearable and I went out into the yard, caught and saddled a horse, got a couple of kangaroo dogs and went off for a long ride.

I thought anything better than inaction under the circumstances.

When I had proceeded ten miles or so a rabbit jumped out of some tussocks and crossed the path.

At this the dogs, roused to a feeble interest, gave a somewhat languid chase, and ran the hunsie into a hollow log. One of them, more inquisitive than prudent, thrust his nose into a hole in the middle of the log, but withdrew it quickly, shaking his head as if he did not approve of matters as he had found them on close investigation.

I alighted from my horse, threw the rein over the limb of a tree, and took a peep into the log. I could see the rabbit far within, but too remote to reach.

Some distance up the log I discovered two small holes, through one of which I attempted to secure the frightened animal. As I feared my arm into the aperture I felt a sharp prick on the joint of my thumb, which I thought came from a splinter. I could not get the rabbit after all, and so I withdrew my hand, mounted my horse, and rode on.

Before I had gone half a mile, I noticed that the dog which had put its nose into the hole in the log was lagging behind, and I waited for him. A few hundred yards further on I again found that he was not following, so I joined me. This time when he again I saw that something was very far wrong, and I got off to examine him. The pupils of his eyes were much dilated, his neck and head were swollen, his tongue, black and misshapen, was lolling out, and on its edge were two small punctures, from which a little blood ran.

As I stood looking at him, uncertain what to do, I became conscious of a queer, uneasy tingling in my right hand, and on looking at it I was startled to find, on the last joint of the thumb, too small punctures from which a little blood was oozing—punctures exactly similar to those on the dog's tongue. A black cord surrounded the thumb, and I writhed and swelled rapidly.

I had with me no knife, and I could not cut out the part, so that all that could be done was to suck the wound hard and try to prevent myself that there was nothing much the matter. But that present became no easy job, for by this time the dog was drawing his breath in long, hard, choking gasps, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was lying dead, hideously swollen.

And then my hand failed me, for one could not but diagnose a snake bite. I knew now too well that the snake which had bitten him had also bitten me, and I knew, or believed, that ere long I, too, would lie in the scorching, shadeless heat, fighting for breath, dying, attacked, perhaps even before death, by myriads of ants and by the loathsome carrion crows.

I remember going—almost groping my way—to my horse and climbing dizzily to the saddle, but of the ride home I have little recollection. It was as if I were three parts asleep and unasily dreaming.

Dim, misshapen trees seemed to fit past me, and at times there was the feeling of riding up a steep hill, though the country was almost flat. The only thought that kept pretty constantly in my mind was one of horror and vague resentment that my body would have to lie in a rabbit-riddled little station graveyard, whence, as one passed, hollow rattlings were often heard.

My next clear impression was that a dire fate had befallen me.

The rickety coach, containing one passenger, pulled up outside the Merrymaid, at the conclusion of its all-night journey over hill and dale, ditch and dyke, cobbles and mud-streets.

Haggard and pale, the only passenger threw open the door, lurched out, dashed across the road, and turning a hand-spring, stood on his head, with his heels up against the supporting wall.

The ostler stood open-mouthed. "Great Scott, cap'n!" he gasped. "Are you off yer bloomin' nut?"

Slowly the passenger reversed himself to a right-side-up posture.

"No, my friend," he answered grimly; "but this standing on my head is during the last twenty-four hours in yonder coach, and I wanted to make the thing harmonious and complete all round!"

The police man who dashed past the haggard headquarters at half-past two in the morning looked as if he had been having a compound nightmare.

"My wife!" he gasped. "I want you to find my wife! Been missing since eight this evening! Oh, find her for me!"

"What's her description?" asked the sergeant. "Height?"

"I don't know!" answered the late caller.

"Weight?"

The husband shook his head vaguely. "Colour of eyes?"

"Er—average, I expect."

"Do you know how she was dressed?"

"I expect she wore her coat, and hat. She took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Brindle bull-terrier, weight fourteen pounds and a half, four dark blotches on white; round, blackish about the eye; white stub of a tail, three white legs, and right front leg nicked, all but the toes; a small ring in his left ear, gold stopping in his upper right molar, a silver link collar, with—"

"That'll do!" gasped the official. "We'll find the dog!"

A DEED IN THE DARK.

"You stand this side, Bill, and I'll go the other! When he gets between us we'll swing out with our knuckledusters!" His avoant!

The night was dark, the alley dark-er still, as the two hoodlums prepared to silence the unwary traveller. Was there no voice to warn him of his impending doom?

Silence—save for the nearing footsteps. A scuffle—two groans— and the footstepes swayed slowly on.

"Bill, did yer swipe him?"

"Yus! An' 'e's got me an' urly me teeth's gone!"

"An' 'e's near knocked my 'ead ort, and not turnin' a air 'issel! Some blessed prize-fighter, I'll lay! O, my 'ead!"

And, to this day, stone-deaf old Mr. Jones has no suspicion from what a dire fate the accident 'riving of a shire saved him.

THE THREADS OF LIFE.

(The following lines were written for the late Henry Neville, after hearing his well-known recitation, "If We Only Knew.")

Nobody stands alone in the world; The threads of life are twisted and twined.

In and out, from one to another, Linking us close to a sister or brother.

All that we think, that we hope, All that we are

Touch a comrade at home or afar. We should be careful, if we only knew, If we only knew, if we only knew.

Link us threads that we cannot see Link us threads that we cannot see

Black threads or black, as the case may be. Threads that are looped to Eternity, Black threads or white that we may not sever.

Bind us and tie us for ever and ever. Shape a thought and set it free, It slips from your pen and your memory;

You may forget the child of your brain— Long years later you find it again; Altered, perhaps, expanded, grown, Yet, in spite of the changes your very own.

For evil or good, a help or a danger, In the heart of a friend, on the lips of a stranger, Here is your thought. Be it false or true, You set it forth—if you only knew.

Nobody stands alone in the world; The threads of life are twisted and twined.

In and out, from one to another; We are the keepers of sister and brother.

Each must proclaim at the muster-roll Whether he helped or hindered a soul. We should be careful, if we only knew.

—Mabel Murray Hickson, in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

MAKING THINGS EVEN.

The rickety coach, containing one passenger, pulled up outside the Merrymaid, at the conclusion of its all-night journey over hill and dale, ditch and dyke, cobbles and mud-streets.

Haggard and pale, the only passenger threw open the door, lurched out, dashed across the road, and turning a hand-spring, stood on his head, with his heels up against the supporting wall.

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"That'll do!" gasped the official. "We'll find the dog!"

FAUNA OF AUSTRALIA.

Our special artist is now engaged in the production of a series of pen and ink sketches representing the fauna and flora of Australia. Many of the sketches will be original—drawn from nature,—while others will be taken from the "Victorian Journal of Agriculture"; "Useful Birds of Southern Australia," by Robert Hall, F.L.S., C.M.Z.S.; the "Picturesque Atlas of Australia," and other works. The following remarks concerning this interesting subject is from the "Picturesque Atlas of Australia":

The bird fauna of Australia is characterised not only by the presence of some peculiar families not found in other regions; or only represented by one or two stray species, but by the total absence of certain families generally distributed elsewhere.

The families that may be said to be peculiar to the Australian region having, however, in some cases stray representatives elsewhere are the cockatoos, the brush-tongued lorries, the broad-tailed parroquets, the birds of paradise, the honey-eaters, the lyre birds, the scrub-birds, the mounds-birds, (scrub-turkeys and brush-turkeys), and emus.

The cockatoos are a well-known family of birds of the parrot order, comprising a considerable number of species, most of which are natives of Australia. The brush-tongued lorries like honey-eating parrots, with brush-like tips to their tongues, by which they extract the honey from the wild flowers of eucalyptus and other trees and shrubs; they, like the cockatoos, their headquarters in Australia, but are represented in some of the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

The broad-tailed parroquets, comprising the familiar "rosellas" among others, have a similar range. The birds of paradise, distinguished by their plumage, are especially characteristic of New Guinea and the neighbouring islands, and are represented in Australia by the rifle-birds, the regent-birds, the manucodes, and by that remarkable and interesting group, the bower-birds.

The honey-eaters are in many parts of Australia; the most numerous and the most characteristic of the native birds. In size and appearance they vary very greatly, from the little slender-billed blood-birds and spin-bills to the comparatively large friar-birds, or leather-heads, wattled lyre and soldier-birds.

The lyre-birds are large birds of the pheasant-like shape, the males of which, in the case of the "Menura Superba," have a graceful lyre-shaped tail; they are entirely confined to eastern Australia. The mounds-birds or scrub-turkeys are a peculiar family belonging to the same order as that to which the domestic fowls and turkeys belong, characterised by their very long toes, and the habit which they alone among birds exhibit of burying their eggs among heaps of decomposing vegetable matter which they have themselves brought together; the heat generated by the decomposing mass serving to incubate the eggs. They extend from Australia to the neighbouring islands.

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THE DAY OF TEMPTATION,

A STORY OF TWO CITIES,

BY WILLIAM LE GUEUX, Author of "If Sinners Entice Thee," "A Secret Service," "Guilty Bonds," etc., etc., etc.

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PART 10.

When Malvano entered, rosy, buxom, and smiling, well dressed in frock coat, and carrying his silk hat and stick with that air adopted by all members of the medical profession, the count shook him by the hand and greeted him cordially. Without invitation his excellency's visitor tossed his hat and stuck upon the sofa, sank into the nearest chair and stretched out his legs, apparently quite at home.

The ambassador, first raising the heavy velvet portiere and slipping the brass bolt of the door into its socket, took a seat at his table, and fixing his eyes upon the man who had served him with wine the night before, said, with a sigh:

"Well, Filippo. A crisis appears imminent. Have you heard from Rome? Malvano exclaimed quickly. I met Varese, the messenger, in the hall."

"Yes, his excellency said, 'I've received certain instructions from the Minister, but it is impossible to act upon them.'"

"Why?"

"For the prestige of Italy, for our own reputations, for the personal safety of one to whom we owe our knowledge, it is impossible to act," the count answered, gravely. "My hands are tied absolutely."

"And you will stand by and see murder committed without seeking to bring pressure to bear against those who seek our ruin? This is not like you, Castellan!"

"No, Filippo, the other said, in a tone of confidence quite unusual to him, for he was a stern, almost harsh, diplomat, who never allowed any personal interest to interfere with his duties as ambassador. "Not a word of reproach from you, of all men. You alone know that I have secretly done my best in this affair that I have more than once risked my appointment in order to successfully accomplish the work which you and I have in hand."

"And I, too, have done my utmost," Malvano answered. "Up to the present, however, our enemies have been far too wary to be caught napping."

"Yes," the ambassador said. "In this matter I have relied absolutely upon your patriotism. Like myself, you have run great risks, but I fear that all is to no purpose."

"Why?"

"Because we have not yet fathomed the mystery of the death of the girl Vittorina Rimoldi. If we could do that it would give us a clue to the whole affair."

"Soberly," Malvano answered. "In that matter we are nearer the truth than on the first day we commenced our investigation. And why? Because of one thing—the we fear 'La Gemma'."

"Where is she now?"

"Ah! Unfortunately she quarrelled with young Armytage, left the Hotel Victoria suddenly, and—"

"And her whereabouts are unknown?" his excellency gasped. "Do not!" he cried. "Then she may actually have gone back to Italy and betrayed everything."

"I think that very probable," Malvano said, gravely. "For the past fortnight I've been daily at the hotel, and have kept my eyes open. There is something secret in progress."

"What is its nature?"

"I don't know."

"Then you ought to know," his excellency cried petulantly. "You must find out, remember, you are the secret agent of this embassy, and it is your duty to keep me well informed."

Malvano smiled. The expression upon his round, ruddy face at that moment was the same as when on the night Rimoldi dined with him at Lybionia had urged his young friend to travel to Livorno and make a declaration of love to the unfortunate Vittorina. It was a covert glance of cunning and double dealing.

"I always report to you all I know," he answered.

"Yes, yes," his excellency said hastily, in a more conciliatory tone. "I withdraw those words, Filippo. Forgive me, because to-day I'm much worried over a matter of delicate diplomacy. In this affair our interests are entirely mutual. You and I love our country, our beloved Italy, and have taken an oath to our sovereign to act always in his interests. It therefore now becomes our duty to elucidate this mystery. In you Italy has a fearless man of marvellous resource and activity, a man who has, in the past, obtained knowledge of secrets in a manner which has almost passed credence. Surely you will not desert us now and relinquish all hope of obtaining the key to this extraordinary enigma. What have you heard at Lady Marshfield's?"

"I sent in my daily report this morning," the doctor answered rather coldly. "You have, I suppose, read it?"

"I have," his excellency said, leaning both his arms upon the table. "I cannot, however, believe that your surmise has any foundation. It's really too extraordinary."

"Why?"

"Such a thing seems not only improbable, but absolutely impossible," the count replied.

"There was a pause, brief and painful. The men looked at one another deeply in earnest. At last Malvo spoke.

"I know well the conflicting interests in this matter. If we do our best for Italy, we do the worst for ourselves—"

closed La Scala, one of the finest theatres in the world; they've dissolved the dancing school, and have done their worst in every direction. Venice has been revolutionised, and now at every local election the roads, written with black paint upon the walls. 'Down with the King and the robbers! Long live the revolution!' I'm a staunch supporter of law and order, a firm upholder of country and of King, therefore my days of office are numbered."

"Not if we successfully solve this enigma." "By doing so I shall defeat the plots of my enemies, and thus embitter them against me far more than before."

"You fear La Gemma?" His excellency nodded.

"She's no more to me." "So did Vittorina. She was silent."

"What do you mean, Malvano?" the ambassador cried, pale and agitated. "That she should share the same fate?"

"No," the other answered gravely. "As far as I can see, no life need be taken, if we act with cunning and discretion. Can you trust me?"

"Why?"

"I'm an excellent spy—eh?" the doctor laughed. "Well, I didn't spend ten years at the Quersura in Florence and practise as a doctor at the same time without obtaining a little wholesome experience. If you'll give this affair entirely into my hands I'll promise to do my level best, and to assist you out of your dilemma. Your position at this moment is, I know, one of the most extreme peril, but by playing a desperate game we may succeed in discovering what is necessary, thereby placing ourselves and our country in a position of absolute security."

"You are an extremely good friend, Filippo," the count answered quickly. "In this country, surrounded as I am by traitors and spies, you are the only one in whom I can absolutely trust—except Carmenilla."

"Your daughter must know nothing," the doctor exclaimed quickly. "This is no woman's affair. If life must be sacrificed, then she might inadvertently expose us—women are such strange creatures, you know."

"Whose life, then, do you fear, may be taken," his excellency eagerly asked. The doctor raised his shoulders with a gesture expressive of profound ignorance.

"Not Gemma's?"

"Why not Gemma's? Malvano inquired, in an intense voice. "In this affair we must speak plainly. Is she not your enemy?"

"Certainly."

"Then if a life must be taken, why not hers?"

There was a silence, broken only by the low rumble of carriages and cabs outside.

"No," his excellency answered. "Before I give you perfect freedom in this matter you shall promise me that she shall be spared. I have reasons—strong ones."

"Certainly, if you desire it," the secret agent replied. "That moment flashed across his mind that if for the preservation of their secret her life must necessarily be closed there were others beside himself who would compass her death. The life of a man or woman can always be taken for a sovereign in London, if one knows where to look for men ready to accomplish your work."

"Then you give me your promise?" the count asked eagerly.

"On one condition only," Malvano replied, in a firm voice, while his eyes fixed themselves upon those of the ambassador.

"What is your condition?" his excellency inquired.

"There must be no secret between you and me, for in order to successfully accomplish this stroke of diplomacy we must act deliberately, with forethought, and yet boldly face the facts, risking everything—even our lives," he answered. Then, gazing straight into the other's face, he added, "I shall not act unless you allow me to read the despatch you received to-day from Rome."

The ambassador's brows instantly contracted, and he held his breath. For the first time he became seized with a suspicion that this man, whose demeanour as a secret agent was almost marvellous, was now playing him false.

"No," he answered, "that is impossible. My oath to the King prevents me showing anyone a despatch marked as confidential."

"Then your oath to the King prevents you from acting in the interests of Italy and the Crown; it prevents me from forming a weapon whereby to fight the enemies of our beloved country."

The despatch is entirely of a private character and concerns myself alone," his excellency protested.

"In other words, you can't trust me," the doctor said, with a hard look of dissatisfaction. "I therefore refuse to act further in this affair, and shall leave you to do as you think fit, and shall have in possession of all the known facts before I embark upon the perilous course before us, and as you decline absolutely I am not prepared to take any steps in the dark. The risks are far too great."

The ambassador was silent for a few moments, his eyes riveted upon those of the secret agent. Then in a deep, intense voice, he said:

"Malvano, I dare not show you that despatch."

CHAPTER XX.

The Gobbo.

Saturday night in South London is a particularly busy time for the wives of the working classes. The chief thoroughfares in that great district lying between Waterloo bridge and Camberwell Green are rendered bright by the flare of the naphtha-lamps of horse-drawn costermongers, whose strident cries call attention to their rather unwholesome-looking wares, and the crowds of honest housewives with ponderous baskets on their arms, marketing in couples and throngs, taking their weekly outing, are never to be missed. In a Saturday evening Walworth road on a Saturday evening one can perhaps obtain the best glimpse of London lower-class life than in any other thoroughfare. The great broad road extending from that junction of thoroughfares, the Elephant and Castle, straight away to the site of old Camber-

well Gate, and thence to the once rural but now sadly deteriorated Camberwell Green, is ablaze with gas and petroleum, and agog with movement. The honest, hard-working costermongers with their barrows drawn into the gutters vie with the showy and quality hawkers of all sorts and kinds, passing-by on the congested pavements, the hatless and oleaginous butchers implore the crowd to 'Buy, buy, buy,' and the whole thoroughfare presents a scene of animation unequalled in the whole metropolis, a striking panorama of poverty, pinched faces, shabby clothes, and enforced economy. The district between the 'Elephant' and Camberwell Green has fallen upon evil days. Those who knew the Walworth road twenty years ago and know it now will have marked its decadence with regret; how the lower life of Eaststreet, known locally as 'Eas' lane, has overgrown; how the fine old houses—once tenanted by merchants and people of independent means are now let out in tenements; how model 'flats' have reared their ugly heads; how the jerry-builder has swallowed up Walworth common, across which Dickens once loved to wander; how all has changed, and Walworth has become the White-chapel of the south.

Life in Walworth is the lower life of modern cockneydom. There are streets in the district which, highly respectable thoroughfares twenty years ago, now harbour some of the worst characters in London; streets which, although a stone's throw from the road, a policeman hardly dares to venture down without a pair of pistols, unless streets, where poverty and crime are hand in hand, where filth has bred disease, and where stunted, pale-faced children wallow in the gutter mire. The wreckage of London life now no longer drifts towards the east, as it used to do, but crosses the Thames, and after gugging in Lambeth, is swallowed in the debasing vortex of wretched wonderful Wal-

those who pass up the great broad thoroughfare from Camberwell city-wards see little of Walworth life. Only when one turns into one or other of its dead-end side streets, which spread out like arms towards the Kennington or Kent roads, can one observe the poor exist. Among these many streets one which has perhaps not deteriorated to such an extent as its neighbours is the Boyson road. The long thoroughfare of smoke-begrimed, jerry-built houses of monotonous exactness in architecture, two stories and deep areas, is indeed a very depressing place of residence, but there is a shop in the whole of it, and it is therefore quiet and secluded from the eternal turmoil of Camberwell Gate.

Half-way down this street in one of the drab mournful-looking houses lived a man and his wife who held themselves aloof from all their neighbours. The man was an Italian whose vocation was that of waiter in a restaurant in Moor-gate street, and he had taken up his residence in Boyson road a few months before. His name was Lionello Nenci, the man who had earned such an unenviable reputation among the bucksters' shops in Hammersmith, and whom Gemma on her arrival in London had tried vainly to find.

An air of poverty pervaded the interior of the house. The hall floor was draped down in place of a mat, the cheapest manner possible; and by the hollow sound which rang through the place it was apparent that few of the other ten or twelve rooms contained any furniture at all.

Before the fire in the rusted grate of the sitting-room in this cold damp Saturday night early in December, Nenci himself, a dark-faced, surly-looking man with scrubby black beard, aged about thirty-five, was seated, smoking a cheap cigar, while near him was a younger man, ugly, hump-backed, pale-faced, also an Italian. They were speaking in Tuscan.

"Yes, Nenci said, 'I had to clear out of Hammersmith suddenly and come down here, because I thought the Embassy was too much. She only discovered me a fortnight ago.'"

"And she is actually living here?"

"Certainly. This house is the safest place. She lies quite low, and never goes out. Here she comes."

And at that moment the door opened and Gemma entered. She was dressed in shabby black; her fair hair was twisted carelessly, and her small white hands bore no rings; yet even slatternly and unkempt, she looked strikingly beautiful.

"So you are hiding with us?" the hump-backed man exclaimed, after he had greeted her.

"Yes," she laughed.

"Where is your lover, Armytage?" She shrugged her shoulders. "He may be abroad again for all I know. I've neither seen nor heard from him since we parted nearly a month ago," she said, drawing a chair close to the fire and seating herself, her feet placed coquettishly on the rustic fender.

"He knows nothing, I suppose?" Nenci growled, still smoking.

"Not a word. I'm not a fool, even though I may be in love."

Both men laughed. They knew well the character of this beautiful woman before them, and placed the most implicit confidence in her.

"You really love him—eh?" Nenci inquired.

"I've already told you so a dozen times," she answered, impatiently.

"But you won't desert us?" the younger man—whom they addressed as 'The Gobbo,' Italian for hunchback—said earnestly.

"I am still with you," she answered. "It is impossible for me to serve two masters. What time is the consultation to-night?"

"At ten," answered Nenci, glancing up at the cheap metal timepiece on the mantel. "Arnoldo should be here in five minutes."

The door again opened and Nenci's wife, a dark-haired Tuscan woman of about 40, entered. The nasal twang in her speech stamped her at once as a Livornese. She was good-looking, and although ill-dressed, her drab skirt hung well, and her carriage had all the grace and suppleness of the south.

For a moment she stood chatting to her husband, her visitor, and their companion, then turning to the smoking lamp placed several chairs around the plain deal-topped table.

"Gemma hasn't yet got used to Liv-

don," she laughed as she busied herself preparing for the mysterious consultation which had been arranged. "She pines for her lover, and thinks this place a trifle poor after the big hotel at Charing Cross."

"No, no," Gemma protested. "I don't complain, I am quite safe here. And I am a wife."

"For your lover? The Gobbo laughed in a dry, supercilious tone. 'It is a new sensation for you to love. L'amore e la gioia, il riposo la felicità—eh?'"

Her clear eyes flashed upon him for an instant, but she did not reply. His words cut her to the quick. In that instant she thought of the man she adored, the man who was held aloof from her by reason of her secret.

Presently, after some further conversation, the door-bell rang and Nenci's wife, who promptly answered the summons, admitted two well-dressed men, Romanelli and Malvano.

The appearance of the latter was the signal for congratulations. Gemma alone holding aloof from them. Most of her face was changed by the doctor, but he in an instant noticed its swift malignancy and remained silent.

After some conventional chatter in which the Gobbo craved many grim jokes, all six took seats around the table. Gemma had previously assured herself that the doors both back and front were securely barred, when Malvano was the first to speak.

"There are two of us absent," he observed. "I received a telegram from one an hour ago. He is in Berlin, and could not be back in time. He apologises."

"It is accepted," they all exclaimed. "And the other cannot come for reasons you all know."

Then Nenci, a stern, striking figure, rather wild looking, with his black bushy hair slightly curled, bent forward earnestly and said:

"Since last we held a consultation in Liverpool, eight months ago much has occurred, and it is necessary for us once again to review the situation. Most of us have had severe trials; more than one has fallen beneath the vengeance of our enemies; and more than one is now in penal servitude on Gorgona, that rocky island which lies within sight of the land we all so love. Well, our ranks are thinner, indeed. Of our twenty-five brothers and sisters who met for the first time here three years ago only eight now remain. Yet we may accomplish much, for not one of us knows fear; all have been already tried and found staunch and true."

"Are you sure there is no traitor among us?" Gemma asked, in a clear intense voice, her pointed chin resting upon her white palm as she listened to his words.

"Who do you suspect?" Nenci demanded, darting a quick look at her.

"I suspect no one," she answered. "But in this desperate crisis we must, if we would successfully accomplish our object, have perfect faith in one another."

"So we have," Malvano said. "Here in London we are in absolute security. We are safe enough, heaven knows! Thirteen of us are already either in prison or dead."

Gemma sighed. She herself had been compelled to sacrifice a man's passionate love, her own happiness, and all that made life worth living, because of her connection with this mysterious band which had its headquarters among the working class in London, and whose ramifications were felt in every city of Italy. She shed her beautiful face once again. She was pale and desperate.

"Thirteen is an unlucky number," remarked the Gobbo, grimly.

"For the dead, yes. But eight of us are still living," Malvano said.

"By the holy Virgin! it's a desperate game we are playing," Nenci's wife exclaimed.

"Shut your mouth," growled her husband roughly. "When your opinion is required we'll ask for it."

She was a slim, fragile woman, with a pale face full of romance, black eyes that flashed like gems, and a profusion of dark frizzy hair worn with those three thin spiral curls falling over the brow in the manner of all the Livornese. Even though she existed in squalid Walworth, it was as if she had stepped into the mode of dressing her hair in the fashion he had been used to since a child. In that drab mournful street she sighed often for her own home in gay, happy, far-off Livorno, with its fine Piazza, where she loved to gossip, its great old cathedral, where she had so often knelt to the Madonna, its leafy Passaggio, where, with her friends, she would stroll along the summer sun-baked distant islands. When her husband spoke thus roughly she exchanged glances across the table with Gemma, and her dark, sad eyes became filled with tears.

"No," protested Malvano, quickly, "that's scarcely the language to use towards one who has risked all for your wife's sake. I entirely agree with her. We must all do our best."

"Exactly," Nenci admitted. "The reason why I have summoned you here is because the time is past for mere words. We must now act swiftly, and with precision. There is only one person we have to fear."

"What is his name?" they all cried, almost with one accord.

"The man whom Gemma loves—Charles Armytage, the black-haired man answered, and understood the maliciously upon the woman before him. In an instant Gemma sprang up, her tiny hands clenched, an unnatural fire in her eyes.

"You would denounce him!" she cried, wildly. "You, who have held me bound and silent for so long, now seek to destroy the one single hope to which I cling to snatch from me for ever all chance of peace and happiness."

The eyes of the five persons at the table were upon her as she, strikingly beautiful, stood erect and statuesque before them. They all saw how deeply in earnest and how desperate she was.

But Nenci laughed. The sound of his harsh voice stung her. She turned upon him fiercely, with a dangerous gleam in her clear blue eyes. A look that none of that assembly had ever before witnessed.

"In the past," she said, "I served you. I have been your cat-paw. I have naked love, life, everything for the one object so near my heart; the desire for a vengeance complete and terrible. Because of my association with you,"

she gazed around at them as she spoke, "I have been debarr'd marriage with the man I love. In order that he should leave me, that his daily presence should no longer fill me with regret and vain longing for happiness, I was compelled to resort to self-accusation, and to denounce myself as an adventuress."

"Then you actually spoke the truth for once in your life!" Nenci observed superciliously, a fierce expression in his black eyes.

"Enough!" Malvano protested. "We didn't come here to discuss Gemma's love affairs."

"But this man, who for the last three years has sought my ruin, has made a false denunciation against the young Englishman. I know only too well what passes in his mind. He declares to you that the only person we need fear is Charles Armytage, and the natural conclusion occurs that he must be silenced. I know full well that at this moment our position is one of desperation. Well, you know my past full well, each one of you, and have, I think, recognised that I'm not a woman to be trifled with. You may stir up the past and cast its mud into my face. Good! But, however wrongly I've acted it is because this man has held me within his merciless grip, and I have been compelled to do his bidding blindly, without daring to protest. You may tell me that I am an adventuress, that I'm evil and unfeeling; that my reputation is evil and unfeeling; that my friends in Italian society have cast me aside because of the libellous stories you have so ingeniously circulated about me; but I tell you that I love Charles Armytage, and I swear on the tomb of my dead mother he shall never suffer because of his true honest love for me."

She had used the oath which the Italian always holds most sacred, and then a dead silence followed. Except the dark wild-looking visage of Nenci, every face betrayed surprise at this fierce and unexpected outburst.

But Nenci again laughed, stroking his scruffy beard with his thin saw-like fingers.

"I suppose you wish to desert us, eh?" he asked meaningly.

"While you keep faith with me I am against my will, still your tool. Break faith with me, and the bond which has held me to you will at once be severed. Her mouth twitched, her hands trembled."

"How?" inquired Malvano seriously, for he saw that at this crisis-time Gemma held her future in her hands. Nenci's wild words had, alas, been ill-timed and could not now be retracted.

"Simply this," she answered. "For the first time in my life, honestly and passionately. Through my association with you my life is wrecked and my lover lost to me. Yet I still have hope, and if you destroy that hope, then all desire for life will leave me. I care absolutely nothing for the future."

"Well?" the doctor observed, mechanically.

"Cannot you understand?" she cried, turning upon him fiercely. "This man, Lionello, has suggested that my lover's life should be taken; that he should be silenced merely because he fears that my love may lead me to desert you or turn traitor. I know well how easily such suggestions can be carried out; but remember, if a hand is lifted against him it is to me, the woman who loves him, that you shall answer; to me you shall beg for mercy, and, by the Virgin, I will give you none! And her panting breast heaved and fell violently as she clutched the back of her chair for support."

"For a few minutes there was again silence deep and complete. Then Nenci laughed the same harsh, supercilious laugh."

"Bah!" he cried, with curling lip. "Your foolish infatuation is of no account to us. Your lover holds knowledge which can ruin us. He must, therefore, be silenced!" Then glancing swiftly around the table with his black eyes he asked, "Is that agreed?"

"With one accord there was a bold, clear response. All gave an answer in the affirmative."

CHAPTER XXI.

AT LYBIONIA.

Outside it was a dry, crisp, frosty night, but in Doctor Malvano's drawing-room at Lybionia, a great wood fire threw forth a welcome glow; the skins spread upon the floor were soft and warm, and the fine old-fashioned room, furnished with that taste and elegance which a doctor of independent means could afford, was extremely comfortable and cosy.

Ben, the doctor's faithful old black dog, stretched out lazily before the fire, a pet cat had curled itself in the easiest of the easy chairs, and with her white fingers rambling over the keys of the grand piano sat a slim, graceful woman. It was Gemma.

With Mrs. Nenci as companion she had been visiting at Lybionia for about a fortnight, and, truth to tell, found life in that rural village much more pleasant than in the unwholesome side streets of the Walworth road. They had both left Boyson road suddenly late one night, after receiving a note from Nenci who had been absent a couple of days. This note was one of warning telling them to fly, and giving them directions to go straight to Lybionia. This they had done, receiving a cordial welcome from the doctor, who had apparently received word by telegraph, and understood the situation perfectly. So they had installed themselves in the doctor's house, and led a quiet, tranquil life of severe respectability. Gemma dressed well, as befitted the doctor's visitor, for she had received one of her trunks which, after leaving the Hotel Victoria, she had deposited in the cloak-room at Charing Cross station, and her costumes were always tasteful and elegant. She had obtained a cycle from Uppingham, and the weather being dry and frosty, she rode daily along over the hilly Rutlandshire roads to old-world Gittetown, to long, straggling Lockingham with its castle high upon among the leafless trees, to Seaton station, or even as far afield as the tiny hamlet of All-the-ways. The honest country folk looked on her with admiration, for her natural chic she could not suppress, and her cycling skirt was just a trifle too short when judged from an English standpoint. Her dress was a dark blue serge, confined at the waist by a narrow white silk ribbon, its smartness having been much admired

when she had spun along the level roads of the Coast. But English and Italian ideas differ very considerably, and she was often surprised when the country people stood and gaped at her. Yet it was only natural. When she dismounted she could only speak half-a-dozen words of English, and Rutland folk are always suspicious of the foreigner—especially a woman.

As she sat at the piano on this chilly night she looked eminently beautiful in a loose, rich tea-gown of sage green plush, with a coat of pale pink silk, a gown of striking magnificence, with its gown of silver belt glittering beneath the shaded lamplight. It was made in a style which no English dressmaker could accomplish, and fastened at the throat by a quaint brooch consisting of three tiny golden playing cards, set with diamonds and rubies, and fastened together by a pearl-headed pin, a charming little phantasy. The pink silk in combination with the sombre green set off her fair beauty admirably, yet her face was a trifle wan as she mechanically fingered the keys with all the suppleness and rapidity of a good player. But she was Tuscan, and the love of music was in her inborn. In her own far-off country she could hear the finest opera for sixpence, and there was scarcely any household that did not possess its own doline, and whose members did not chant those old canzonette amoroze. Music is part of the Italian's life.

She stopped at last, slowly glancing around the handsome room and drawing a heavy sigh. At that moment a sense of utter loneliness oppressed her. Her companion, Mrs. Nenci, had retired to bed half an hour before, and the doctor was still in his study, where he usually spent the greater part of his time. He was often locked in alone for hours together, and was careful never to allow anyone to enter on any pretext. She had indeed never seen the interior of Malvano's den, and was often seized with curiosity to know how he spent his time there through so many hours. As she sat silent she pondered, as she ever did, over her long absence, wondering if he were still in England, or if weary and despairing, he had left for the continent again.

"He has misjudged me," she murmured. "Cruelly misjudged me!" Her fatherless blue eyes glistened with tears, as turning again to the instrument, she commenced to play and sing in a soft, sweet contralto the old Tuscan love song, "Ah, non mi amava," the song sung by the contadine in the vineyards and the maize-fields, where the green lizards dart across the sun-baked stones, where life is without a care so long as one has a handful of baked chestnuts or a plate of polenta di balany, and the very atmosphere breathes of love.

Emi diceva che tutto affiatto, Per ottenermi l'avvio affiatto; Che nel mio sguardo, ed mio sorriso Stava il gioio del Paradiso. E mentre al core così parlava, Ah! non mi amava! no, non mi amava! Tu sei, diceva, l'angelo mio; Tu sei la stella d'ogni mio giorno; Il sol mio bene sei tu, malavanza; Tu dei miei giorni se la spavanza. Fin le sue pene mi raccontava. Ah! non mi amava! no, non mi amava! Slowly, in a voice full of emotion, she sang the old song she had heard so many times when a child until its sad serious air trembled through the room.

Behind her were two long windows which, opening upon the lawn, were now heavily curtained to keep out the icy draughts. Blasts of cold air seemed to penetrate to every corner of that high-up house, exposed as it was to the chill winds sweeping across the hills. As she was singing one of the madrigals entered with her candle, and placing it upon the table, wished her good night.

"Good night," she answered in her pretty brogue English, and when the girl had gone went on playing, but very softly, so as not to disturb the household. Her voice full of emotion had repeated the final words of that passionate verse:

Non aveva core che per amarmi Con i suoi detti e in bugianza. Ah! non mi amava! no, non mi amava

when the curtains before one of the windows behind her suddenly stirred, and an eager face peeped through between them. The slight sound attracted her and she turned quickly with a low exclamation of fear. Next instant, however, she sprang up from the piano with a glad cry, for the man who had thus secretly entered was none other than Charles Armytage.

"You Nino?" she gasped, pale and trembling, holding aloof from him in the first moments of her surprise.

"Yes," he replied in a low intense tone, standing before her in hat and overcoat. "I came here to see the doctor, but hearing your well

WHOOPIING COUGH. This disease is more likely to be contracted when a child has a cold. According to published statistics...

HAVE MERCY ON THE ENGAGED MAN.

BY a "Heart Specialist." I beg to enter a protest against the unseemly treatment which is accorded to the ordinary engaged young man...

His entry into a room—once the fact has leaked out that he has had the temerity to propose and has been accepted—is a signal for nudges, grins, chuckles and guffaws, and other disagreeable demonstrations.

And it sometimes happens that his particular pastor takes him gently aside and earnestly asks him if he realizes the seriousness of the step he is contemplating.

Moreover, the engaged young man has got to listen to the cheap sneers of his sisters regarding the microscopic good qualities possessed by his sweetheart, and has to hear to his brothers' rough chaff concerning the girl of his heart.

Therefore, I enter my protest, as said at the beginning, against the way he is treated. Candidly, he ought to be ignored, instead of being turned into a focus for all eyes.

At the end of the dinner, the leader of the party's eyes twinkled, and he said to the landlady of the inn: "Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you ever heard of the great Platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition?"

"What?" "Everything is work!" "What?" "Everything is work!" "Yes, sir." "Then I take it you would like me and the class to believe that this desk is work?"

Trying His Strength. A man was taken on as a laborer in one of the large shipbuilding yards situated on the Clyde. The first thing he had to do was to carry some rather heavy planks. He had been about an hour carrying them when he went up to the foreman and said: "Did I tell you what my name was when I started?"

CARNHAM PRE-BYTERIAN CHURCH. ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary of the above church was celebrated on Sunday and Monday last, the Sabbath services being conducted by Rev. J. Smiley, of Learmonth, who preached impressive sermons morning and evening.

TEA AND CONCERT.

An ideal spring day sale amends for the rather wintry Sunday, and the tea at the Sunday School was a highly popular event. The tables were very tastefully arranged, and harmonised completely with the decorations of the schoolroom.

The concert was a great success from every point of view. The church was well filled, and the quality of the musical performance was of a very high order.

The concert was opened by the choir singing the anthem, "I will magnify Thee." This and their other anthems were given with that precision and crispness of attack which is a desideratum of all first-class choral singing.

Well, those signs are very easily read, and thus a foolish young man gets himself talked about, laughed at, and joked over, and made the butt of the funny man's wit.

Prof. Nichols, the famous Cornell pianist, during recitation of a freshman class in natural philosophy, observed a tall, lanky youth in a rear seat, his head in a recumbent position, his body in a languid pose, his eyes half-closed and his legs extended far out in an adjacent aisle.

"Mr. Fraser," said the great scientist, "you may recite." The freshman opened his eyes slowly. He did not change his somnolent pose.

The Rev. J. Walker said he was pleased to take part in the anniversary and praised his choir, amongst the members of which, he said, there was no squabbling; no minister was more fortunate in his choir, who were always ready to help in any good cause.

World's Billiard Breaks. Instead of continuous play (says the "Referee"), only 25 direct cannons are now allowed in what is called the anchor stroke; Peall's famous spot stroke is now reduced to two consecutive "pots" off the spot; Kerkauf's cannons have been applied to the Gray red hazard method.

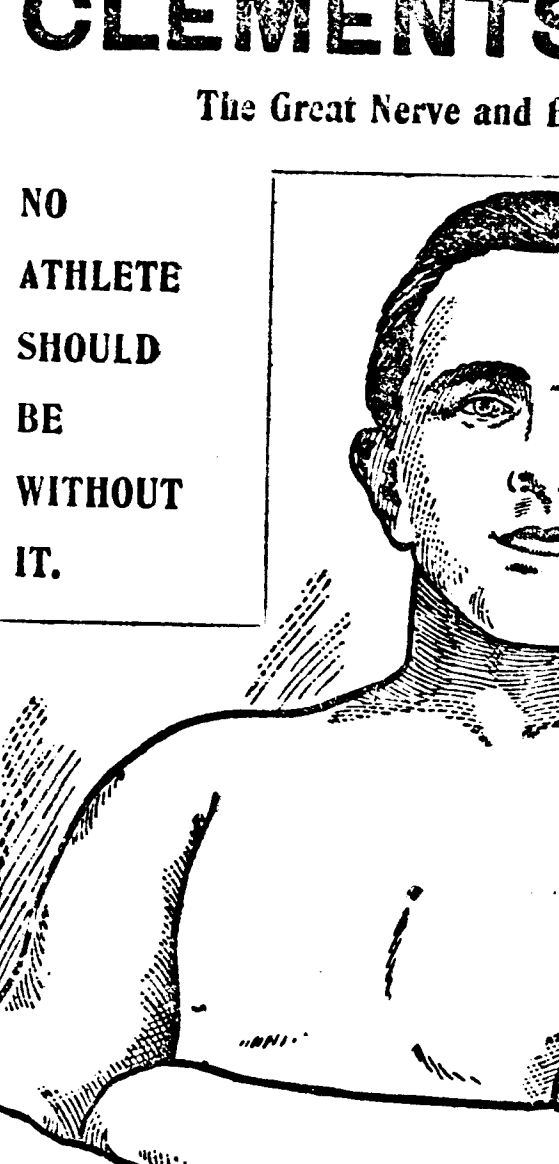
Ballarat Live Stock Market. Tuesday. Fat cattle.—188 head came to hand for to-day's sales, about one-third consisting of quality ranging from good to prime.

Do not let anyone induce you to be operated on for VARICOSE VEINS. Operations for this complaint are a needless and painful infliction. The modern cure, the Vessey Method of Treatment, cures old-standing cases rapidly and permanently, and there is no necessity for having it.

REMINDER. Of what does a bad taste in the mouth remind you? It indicates that your stomach is in a bad condition and will remind you that there is nothing so good for such disorders as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

RESTORED TO HEALTH. MR. JACK BLACKMORE, the Great Athlete and Pugilist, owes his great Power and Stamina to the use of CLEMENTS TONIC.

THE GREAT NERVE AND BLOOD REMEDY. NO ATHLETE SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT. ALL BUSINESS MEN SHOULD USE IT.



MR. J. BLACKMORE.

Every man desirous of being strong and robust should read this letter, which was written from the historic Stadium, where Burns and Johnson met, and sworn before Mr. F. W. Fowler, J.P. Mr. Blackmore is positive he owes his great strength and health to the nerve and blood-strengthening properties of Clements Tonic.

CLEMENTS TONIC, LTD. My opinion of "Clements Tonic" as an invigorator for the nerves, for creating appetite and vital strength, is that it is unequalled. I speak from experience, for I have almost an unbeaten record, and several times whilst training for my ring battles, which are most critical unless in the pink of condition, I have used it with great results.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption. Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by W. G. HEARNE & Co., Ltd., Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

WORLD'S BILLIARD BREAKS. Instead of continuous play (says the "Referee"), only 25 direct cannons are now allowed in what is called the anchor stroke; Peall's famous spot stroke is now reduced to two consecutive "pots" off the spot.

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THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES MORTGAGE CO. LTD. WOOL WAREHOUSES. 573 to 579 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE. WOOL AND GRAIN. AUCTION SALES OF WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, TALLOW AND GRAIN WEEKLY.

There is an enormous profit in the option smuggling business. A tin of the drug which costs 2s in Hong Kong will fetch 26s 10d at Hay or Narrandera. There is evidence of a rich syndicate being at work in Australia.

W. S. SMITH. DESIRES to purchase a house in the suburbs of Melbourne. BEAUFORT LIVERY. and trusts to procure a car for his own use, suitable for his business.

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES MORTGAGE CO. LTD. THIS COMPANY ACTS: 1. As Executor and Trustee in a Will. 2. As Liquidator of Companies. 3. As Attorney for Power of Attorney.

GREAT SUBDIVISIONAL SALE. 16,078 ACRES FREEHOLD. ALL WHEAT LAND. 32 FARMS TO CHOOSE FROM. THIRTEEN YEARS' TERMS.

"MENENIA ESTATE." In the County of Ripon, Victoria. Six Miles from the Ararat-Willaura Hamilton Railway Line: Three Miles from the New Line, Glenelg to Maroocha.

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF BLACKSMITHING, WHEELWRIGHTING AND COACHBUILDING CARRIED ON. HORSES CAREFULLY SHOD. On latest approved scientific principles. Guaranteed to Cure Unsound Corneous Hooves.

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Various small advertisements and notices on the right margin, including mentions of 'BEAUFORT LIVERY', 'MARRIOTT'S', and 'MARRIOTT'S'.

THE BACK FENCE.

OLD MAN DISCUSSES TOPICAL SUBJECTS. In his pipe and sauntering, the usual man knew he was dying...

TO LOOT A LOST CONTINENT.

AGE-LONG SUNKEN TREASURES. Ages ago a country stretched far out to the East of Central America, where the waters of the Caribbean Sea lie...

QUEER EATING-PLACES.

Jim's Chowder House, Los Angeles, California, has been open night and day ever since it started, twenty-five years ago...

JONAH SHIPS.

VESSELS TO WHICH MISFORTUNES HAVE NOT COME SINGLY. The disastrous explosion in Submarine A1 may make it difficult to find crews to man her in the future...

BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

BLACK-FACED CUCKOO-SHRIKE. (Blue Jay, Blue Pigeon.) Description:—Back, grey; sides of face, black; feathers round the eyes, neck and throat, grey...

FIRST AID TO NATIONS.

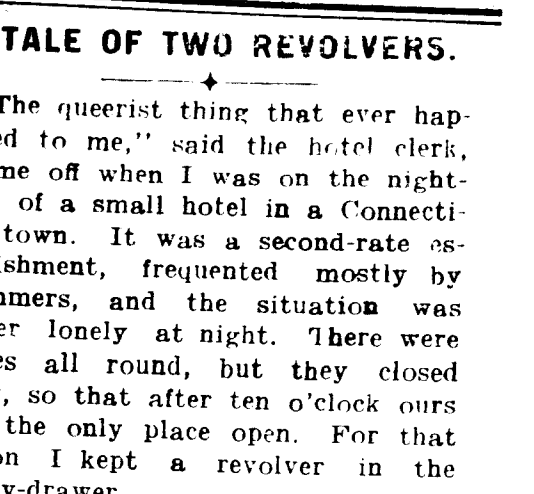
WHEN THE POWERS RULE COUNTRIES THAT CAN'T RULE THEMSELVES. Liberia, the Black Republic on the West Coast of Africa, has proved itself unable to manage its own affairs...

A TALE OF TWO REVOLVERS.

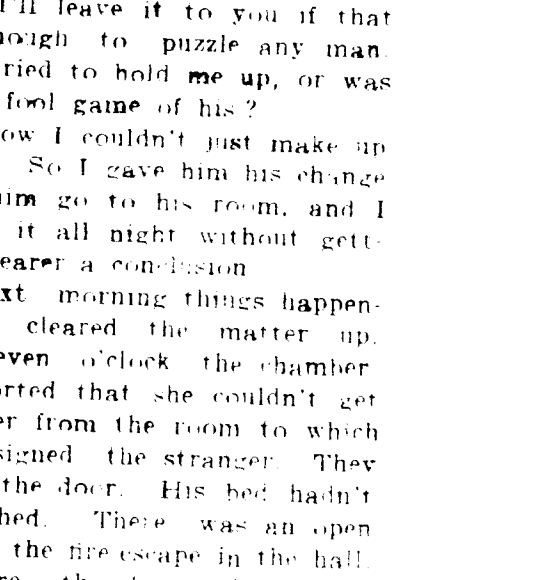
"The queerest thing that ever happened to me," said the hotel clerk, "came off when I was on the night-desk of a small hotel in a Connecticut town...

SENSATIONAL AERIAL FEATS.

The wonderful record achieved at Lanark by the young American, M. Drexel, served to indicate what latest possibilities there are in the aeroplane...



Black-faced Cuckoo-Shrike



White-bellied Shrike

FISH THAT PERFORM TRICKS.

Mr. J. A. Bailey once trained two brook trout which he kept in a small aquarium to jump out of the water and take flies held between the forefinger and thumb...

SAMBO'S RETORT.

A negro gardener, a jolly fellow, was employed at a school, the boys of which used to have great fun with him. Sometimes, however, he would prove too much for them with his repartee...

THE GRUESOME STORY.

In the early Australian days there were a reasonable number of corpses to be found on the long, dusty, waterless road leading to the Palmer goldfield...

TEENIS OLDER THAN CIVILISATION.

Then the Aztec and the Inca civilisations had reached their height. But the Aztecs had built upon the culture of the older people, the Mayas...

DAN ROLYAT.

Dan Rolyat, the famous comedian, gives the following as his best story: A commonplace occurrence in an omnibus in the vicinity of Whitehall...

SELFISHNESS PRODUCES SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness produces selfishness; indulgence increases with every hour of indulgence; and what is left undone because it is difficult to-day will be doubly difficult to-morrow...

THE SAD DEFECT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The sad defect of the progress of the human race is that, while we are occupied in learning one thing we are almost always engaged in forgetting another...

THE DAY OF TEMPTATION.

A STORY OF TWO CITIES.

BY WILLIAM LE QUÉUX, Author of "If Sinners Entice Thee," "A Secret Service," "Guilty Bonds," etc., etc., etc.

PART II.

'You cannot trust me, Nino,' she cried a moment later. 'But you can nevertheless heed one word which I speak in deepest earnest.'

'Well?' she asked. 'Leave this house. Do not seek this man, Malvano.'

'Why?' he inquired, surprised. 'He's my friend. We have met once or twice since we shot together in Berkshire.'

'Again she advanced close to him, so close that he felt her breath upon his cheek and the sweet odor of lilac from her chiffon filled his nostrils.'

'If you absolutely refuse to tell me the reason you have come here to-night, then I will tell you,' she whispered. 'You are in fear.'

'In fear? I don't understand.' 'You have enemies, and you wish to consult the doctor with regard to them.'

'He started suddenly, looking at her dismally. 'Who told you? How did you know?'

'I cannot now explain,' she answered breathlessly, still holding his arm in convulsive grasp, 'panting as she spoke. It is sufficient for you to know the intention of your enemies so that you may be forewarned against them.'

'Then it is actually true that I'm in personal danger?' he cried. 'To my knowledge I've never done an evil turn to anybody, and this is all a puzzling enigma. The letter here, and I drew it over, over a note which had been delivered by messenger at his chambers in Ebury street.'

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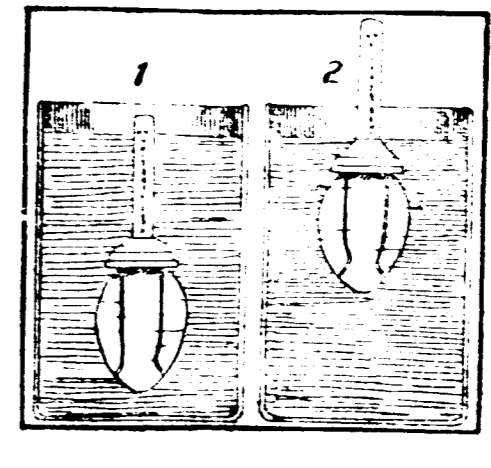
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NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- 1. Do not kill. 2. Do not commit adultery. 3. Do not steal. 4. Do not bear false witness. 5. Honor thy father and mother. 6. Do not covet thy neighbor's wife. 7. Do not covet thy neighbor's goods. 8. Do not covet thy neighbor's honor. 9. Do not covet thy neighbor's life. 10. Do not covet thy neighbor's soul.

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, 5th DECEMBER, 1910. Present—Crs. Flynn, (in the chair), Slater, Sinclair, Stewart, Beggs, Roddis, and Hannah.

From Sir J. Peacock, M.L.A., stating he had been stirring the Dept. up to get the work done at Mt. Cole before the end of the year, so that holiday-makers may have advantage of the improvements, and enclosing a copy of Dept.'s reply to his representations.

From Department of Public Works (per Sir J. Peacock, M.L.A.), stating that the Treasurer has now approved of the amount of £75 for the cases Hill picnic ground at Mt. Cole being charged to funds at his disposal pending the passing of the estimates, and the secretary had advised that the Mayor of Forests and it is understood that the work will be put in hand at once.

From Chief Secretary's Office, forwarding list of candidates for position of representatives on Country Fire Brigades Board, and asking council to record its vote and return same by 16th inst. Vote to be recorded for David Andrew and Thomas G. Beggs.

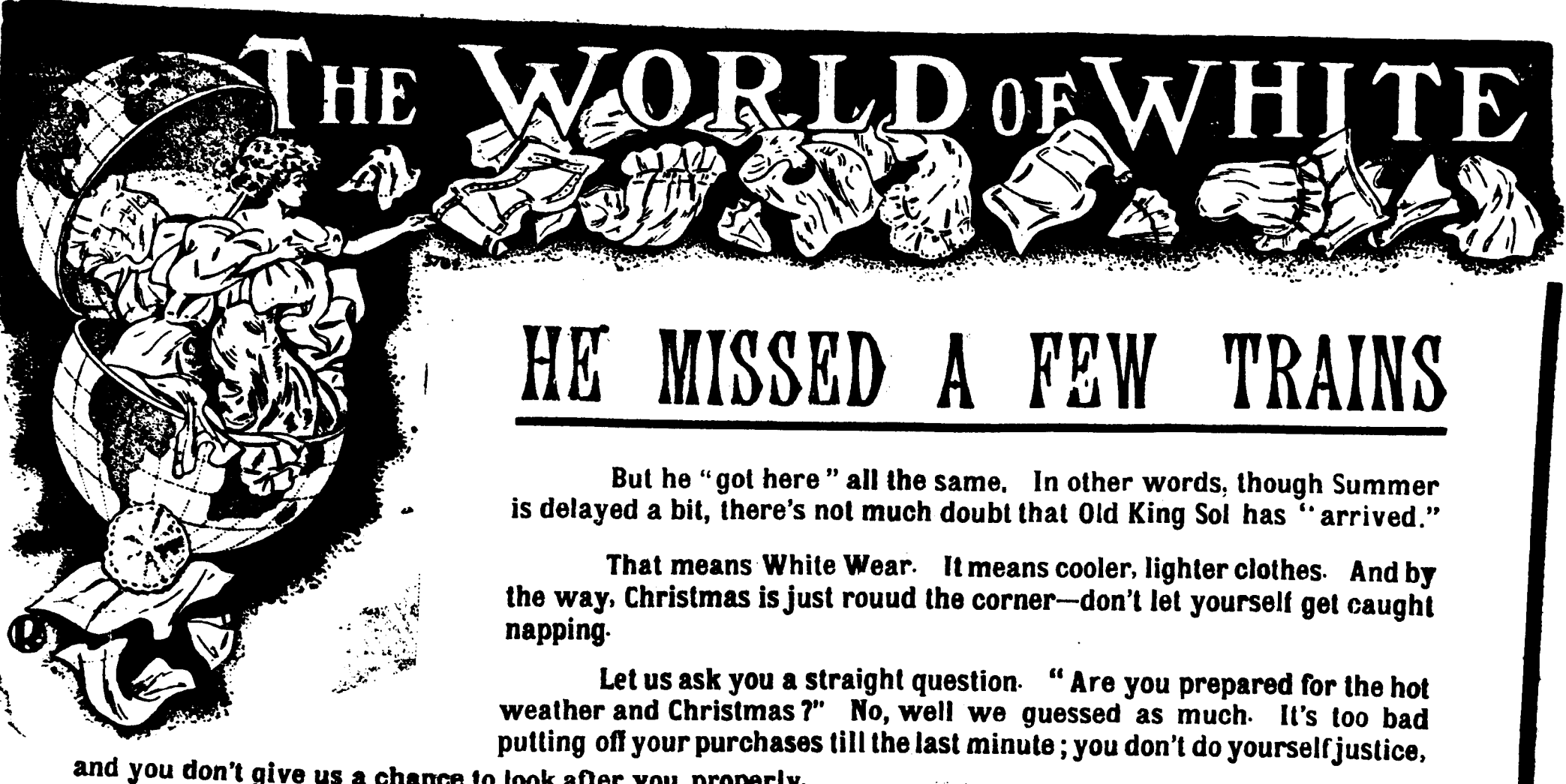
From Beaufort Athletic Club requesting council to erect another large entrance gate at the Beaufort Park lower down the Lake Goldsmith road than the present gate, so that vehicle traffic may be restricted to the place where traps are left near the cattle pens. The council had been informed that the Beaufort Agricultural Society had already been promised this gate for their next show in March, and its erection in time for the Boxing Day sports will prove a great convenience.

From Dr. A. B. Webb, health officer, East Riding, notifying the local board of health that he has deemed it necessary to close the Sunday School for a fortnight from 22nd to 29th inst. on account of an epidemic of measles in the district, the head teacher's child also being affected, and stating that he had given instructions to have the school premises thoroughly cleaned and disinfected before the children reassemble.

From P. D. Treacey & Son, offering to conduct searches for titles to land. Received.

From Municipal Association of Victoria, re prevention of fires, asking for an expression of opinion regarding the following proposals by Shires of Horung and Charlton:—That burning-off be prohibited; that smoking near stacks, etc., be prohibited during the months of November to April; that it be made compulsory to have washing machines effectively protecting them from the influence of the wind.

From James Patterson, Sailer's Gully, drawing attention to the slope near the culvert close to his place being too abrupt to be safe for vehicles.—Referred to North Riding members.



THE WORLD OF WHITE HE MISSED A FEW TRAINS But he 'got here' all the same. In other words, though Summer is delayed a bit, there's not much doubt that Old King Sol has 'arrived.' That means White Wear. It means cooler, lighter clothes. And by the way, Christmas is just round the corner—don't let yourself get caught napping. Let us ask you a straight question. "Are you prepared for the hot weather and Christmas?" No, well we guessed as much. It's too bad putting off your purchases till the last minute; you don't do yourself justice, and you don't give us a chance to look after you properly.

Come in now and see our huge Christmas stock. Perhaps you only want light summer clothes and drapery. Well, we're holding them for you. You know the sort we mean, those materials that keep the warm winds out—that don't cling to the skin, but just hang cool and "comfy." Perhaps you want only Christmas supplies. Well, they're here, too—and such value! Look here, just call in right away and feast your eyes on our stock—it will gladden your heart when you realise that you will be able to do Christmas this year a lot better and a lot cheaper. Now, don't put this down and say "I'll go in to-morrow!" To-morrow doesn't exist—it never did—come in to-day—while you've got the matter fresh in your mind—besides, if you get in early, you'll have a bigger selection to choose from.

WE'RE EXPECTING YOU! J.R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT & BUANGOR The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee: A. Parker, £130; salaries, £14 5s; J. G. Anderson, £4; G. Garver, £5; Mrs. Lewis, £10; Government Laboratory, £11; fox rewards advanced, £5; A. C. Webb, £18; Chas. Wright, £11; S. Smith, £2; W. B. Madden, £2; W. Johnston, £1; J. J. Whitehead, £9; C. Ball, £8; J. H. Baxter & Son, £9; F. Buchanan, £10; W. H. 23s; John White, £22; G. Robertson, £12; T. Nugent, £9; H. Anderson, £2; 10s; Fitzpatrick, £8; H. Stuart, £1; S. H. A. Sands, £1; 10s; George, £8; John Hill, £11; 1s; Contract payment—H. F. Watkin, £18; 10s; Deposit refund—H. F. Watkin, £13; 10s; Total, £139 6s. Extras on contract—H. F. Watkin, £18 10s and £11 4s.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church ANNIVERSARY. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11th. TWO SPECIAL SERVICES—11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Preacher—Rev. Charles Neville. Anthems—"Ye shall dwell in the land of Canaan Alpha and Omega." Solos—"Consider the Lilies" (Glover); Mrs. D. Lindsay "Thou art passing, hence, my brother" (Sullivan), Mr. W. Boustead.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. SALE OF SPORTS BOO HS. THE Right to the following Booths at the Beaufort Athletic Club's Boxing Day Sports will be sold by DIXON BROS. & SONS, Auctioneers, at their Office, on SATURDAY, 10th inst., at 5 p.m. PUBLICATIONS (including Soft Drinks for Day), LUNCHEON, FRUIT (Day and Night separate), and SOFT DRINKS (Night only).

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the MECHANICAL INSTITUTE next MONDAY, 12th inst., at 8 p.m. Business—To appoint sports officials; general.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT. MONDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 12th. THE CORRICK ENTERTAINERS. After a four years' tour of the World and a highly successful season in Melbourne, will appear in above hall.

10 BRILLIANT STAR ARTISTS. Headed by MISS ALICE CORRICK, The World-Renowned Soprano, Assisted by MR. ERNEST LEARLEY, One of England's Best Baritone Comedians.

LEONARD'S BEAUTIFUL PICTURES. Popular Prices. THE Beaufort Branch, A.N.A., will hold an "Old Pioneers' Night" in the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th, at 8.30 p.m.

FARMING LAND. FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY. ABOUT 2,500 ACRES OF THE MOUNT EMU ESTATE. IN ONE LOT OR IN SMALL AREAS. Full particulars and plans may be obtained from GOLDING BROS., MOIT & COY., Limited, Melbourne; or H. W. REYNELL & COY., Bendigo; or H. W. WILSON, Mount Emu, Chepstowe.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS. CHRISTMAS, &c., EXCURSIONS. Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued to and from all stations (suburban excepted), and at the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau, corner Collins and Swanston streets, from 9th December till 2nd January (both dates inclusive), available for return on and after 24th December till 1st February (inclusive). The journey may be commenced on the date of the ticket, and may be broken (see posters). On tickets in force the return journey cannot be commenced till 24th December.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE. I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days of the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden at Beaufort an application for a lease, the particulars of which are hereunder set forth:—Name of land—Beaufort Deep Leads Ltd. and style under which it is to be carried on—Beaufort Deep Leads Ltd. Full address of each applicant—Trawalla, Victoria. Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—Eighty acres.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road or subject to any public right—Trawalla and Waterloo Railway. Nature of proposed mining operations—Involving sinking, or the opening of operations proposed since the date of application likely to occupy, and estimated expenditure under each head to be worked from Beaufort Deep Leads Ltd. shaft. Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as in occupation has been able to learn—Jesse Holdsworth, H. L. Anderson, Trustees Beaufort Racecourse, the ground—Part of allotments 29, 49, and Racecourse Reserve, Beaufort. Term required—Fifteen years. Time of commencing operations—On granting lease.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON. Agent for GEORGE HAGUE & Co. Melbourne and Geelong.

ITEMS OF INTEREST For SQUATTERS and FARMERS. FENCING WIRE (American and German) BARBED WIRE NETTING, all sizes. (Ryland's and other brands) SHEARING REQUISITES. For the HOUSEHOLD. Furniture, Linoleums and Carpets. Cutlery and E.P. Ware. Crockery and Glassware. Stoves and Kitchen Utensils. Lack of space prevents us from advertising every item we would like to mention, so invite inspection, when QUALITY and BED-ROCK PRICES will convince you that HAWKES BROS., NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, is the FIRM to HELP YOU.

THE CORRICK ENTERTAINERS.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that the above world-famous combination will make their appearance here in the Societies' Hall, on Monday next, after an absence of 4 years. During this time they have toured all over the world, meeting with unvarying success everywhere. The company, since their last visit, has been considerably strengthened, and now comprises 10 artists, and 11 instruments are used in the orchestra. Miss Alice Corrick, the gifted singer, is still the star of the company, and during her stay in Europe she studied under the great masters—who styled her one of the greatest singers of the day. She refused important engagements in England, as the climate did not suit her, from the Carl Rosa and Moxey and Miss Amy Corrick are also on the programme. Several beautiful pictures, which are exhibited by the Company's own electric light, is still one of the features of the entertainment.

DISTRICT WOOL SALES.

At the Geelong wool sales on Friday, Dec. 2nd, Dalgety and Company Limited report that American competition was more pronounced than last week, and some good-sized parcels were taken for that country. The demand for lambs' wools is also more pronounced, and the wool-keeper than ever, and we have to announce a further record of 27d., this being paid for seven bales of super lambs' of the well-known Langi Kal clip. These sensational prices are owing to the increasing scarcity of wool, fine pure-bred merinos. Langi Kal clip (estate late Charles Campbell) holds pride of place for the season to date, making three records; the wool, clean, making three records; the wool, clean, making three records; the wool, clean, making three records.

Mr. J. A. Harris has reported to the police the theft of half-a-mile of wire netting from his farm, on the Stockyard Hill road, near Beaufort, valued at £10. The wire was removed from a fence, as marks of a man's boot were visible at the place, it was decided to obtain the assistance of black trackers from Coranderk, but on Tuesday afternoon they were intercepted by Sergeant Nicholson, who had succeeded in discovering the stolen property in a neighboring paddock on Tuesday. A detective is to be sent up from Ballarat to investigate.

ANY person found removing firewood from Chullium Station paddock, without written permission from the Manager, will be prosecuted. LELLIE WALKER, Manager.

STOCKYARD HILL AND LAKE GOLDSMITH BUSH FIRE BRIGADE.—The Annual Meeting of the above Brigade will be held at Stockyard Hill Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 15th, at 8 p.m. Business—To elect officers, receive balance-sheet, and general. WM. LYNCH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING AND BRASS BAND CONTESTS! Under Patronage of Victorian Athletic and Victorian Brass Band Association (Bicycle Races). To be held in the BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE. BOXING DAY, MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1910. 2.30 P.M. IN PRIZES! The Band Contest will be continued in the Park on Night. There will also be a GRAND BIOSCOPE ENTERTAINMENT! A March, entitled "The New Colonial" will be played by the whole of the bands as a merried band. Admission to SPORTS AND BAND CONTEST AT NIGHT, 1/6. Children, half-price. The ground will be cleared at 6.30 p.m., and re-admission made 7.15 for the evening's entertainment.

THE SMART STORE FOR MEN'S WEAR.
 Ready-to-wear Suits for Men, Youths, and Boys,
At COUGLE'S
 Equal to Tailor-made. Good Fitting. Well made.
THE STORE FOR FASHION SHIRTS.
 A large variety of newest designs.
THE STORE FOR HATS.
 Straw Boaters, Felts, Panama. Agent for WOODROW'S Straw and Felt Hats.
THE STORE FOR BOYS' SUITS.
 Big stock to choose from.
SMARTEST STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.

YOU BUY RIGHT IF YOU BUY AT G. H. COUGLE'S, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
W. H. HALPIN
 Desires to inform the Public that he is prepared to Sell Hay, Oats, Chaff, Bran, Pollard, &c., At Lowest Current Rates. Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Produce.
 W. H. H. respectfully solicits a fair share of public patronage. Fencing and Barb Wire always on hand; also Galvanised Iron and other Hardware.
 Full supply of Cornsacks, New and Secondhand, including Full Size New, on hand. Oats at Lowest Rates.
 Hay Forks, Water Bags, and Corn Sacks, at Lowest Prices. A TRIAL SOLICITED.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.
 The above Hotel having changed hands, the present Proprietors wish to notify the residents of Beaufort district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and will be spared to make customers comfortable.
 Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.
FIRST CLASS BEDS, 1/- Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-
 First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling for Horses and Vehicles on hire. The Proprietors trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.
 —A TRIAL SOLICITED—
M. HALPIN, Proprietor.

Your Bridal Photograph
 —By the—
Famous BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS, RICHARDS & CO.
 We make bridal Photographs a special study; that is why we have a world-wide reputation for Bridal Portraits. Brides from all parts of Australia sit to Richards & Co.
 We always keep at the Studio the latest styles in Bridal Veils, Bouquets, Wreaths, Buttons, etc.
 Four large, well-appointed Dressing Rooms.
Enlarged Photographs.
 Size of Photo. Size of Mount. Price.
 12 x 10 20 x 14 25/
 15 x 12 23 x 17 30/
 Complete in the new Solid Art Wood Frame. Mail us your order!
 Satisfaction guaranteed.
Richards & Co., Sturt Street, BALLARAT.

There is Nothing so much pleasure to so many for so long a time as an Edison Phonograph!
 The enjoyment it affords is the kind that lasts. It sings to you in your quiet moments and enlivens your lively ones.
 It means as much to the little folks as to the grown folks.
 It will give you the best talent in the land, and will give you as often as you like and where you like. When friends drop in to spend the winter evenings, nothing will make it so easy for you to entertain them.
 The PHONOGRAPH furnishes better music for dancing than the majority of orchestras, because none but the most skilled musicians create its records. If you are tired of a prejudice against a talking machine, you will lose it when you hear the melody and composition that the Edison Phonograph places at your disposal.
 It is almost as easy to buy the Edison as to hear it. A small payment down will enable you to take it home. You can hear it play while you pay. I shall be delighted to tell you all about this easy time-payment plan if you will call or write.
 Having prepared portion of Mr. L. HAYDON'S Shop in Neill-st., I am in a position to give you a choice selection of Edison's Phonographs and Records, either at the Golden Age Phone Depot or the above.
 For your home or any home a Phonograph means the beginning of a long term of enjoyment.
W. C. JONES, PHONO. DEPOT, BEAUFORT.
 NEILL & HAVELOCK STS.
Religious Services.
 SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1910.
 Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Beaufort, 3 p.m.; Mt. C. Walton, Beaufort, 3 p.m.—Mr. J. H. GAZZARD, Minister, 7 p.m.—Supply, Main Street.
 Presbyterian Church.—Lexton, 11 a.m.; Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 7 p.m.—Mr. D. JACKSON, Minister.
 Church of England.—Beaufort, 8 a.m.; Mt. C. Walton, 10 a.m.; Raglan, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 11 a.m.—Rev. J. STILLWELL, Minister, 3 p.m.—Supply, Main Street.

FREE CERTAIN—2 + 2 = 4; Just as Certain—HARRIS' RHEUMATIC POWDERS.
 An Entirely New and Valuable Remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney, Backache, and Muscular Pains.
J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

United Ancient Order of Druids
 THE ORDINARY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETY'S HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.
 By order of the Arch-Druid,
 L. A. JAENSCH, D.P., Secy.

Mz. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.
 Commissioner for Adjudicating Sums and High Courts.
MONEY TO LEND IN ANY SUM. VISITS SKIPTON FRIDAYS.

REBEAUVENANT CARD.
MRS. J. HUMPHREYS and Family desire to return sincere thanks to their many kind friends for sympathy shown them in their recent sad bereavement.

The Riponshire Advocate.
 Published every Saturday Morning.
 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1910.

Bandmaster Quinn (Stowell) has been engaged as professional player for the Avon Bank Beaufort Boxing Day, and for the St. Arnaud band at Maryborough on New Year's Day.

A claim by Hilda Eliza Grace Sadler against Peter Grant, carter, of Trawalla, for £150 damages for breach of promise, was adjourned by Judge Justice Hood on Tuesday to the next sitting of the court. Mr. W. T. Gill appeared for the plaintiff, and made the application for Mr. D. Clarke was acting for the defendant.

The right to the booths at the Beaufort Athletic Club's Boxing Day sports were sold on Saturday by public auction by Mr. W. H. Halpin, auctioneer, the total being £112 2/6 better than last year. The publican's booth was knocked down to Mr. C. Jones, of the Golden Age hotel, for £56. He also purchased the temperance booth at night for £7. Mr. Herman bought the day fruit stand for £4, and the night one for £2 2/6. Mr. R. Hughes secured the luncheon booth for £1.

During the heavy thunderstorm that passed over this district on Friday, 9th inst., accompanying flashes of lightning seriously affected the electric staff system at Buangor and Middle Creek railway stations, and it became necessary to resort to the emergency of providing a special staff and taking other precautions to avert mishaps. The lightning also set fire to some stooked hay in one of Mr. Thos. Rogers paddocks at Pretty Town, the day fruit stand for £4, and the night one for £2 2/6. Mr. R. Hughes secured the luncheon booth for £1.

The funeral of Mr. John Humphreys took place on Saturday, a large number of sympathising friends following, remains to the Beaufort Cemetery. The coffin, which was covered with beautiful flowers, was borne by Messrs. J. Stackhouse, J. Whitfield, John Kirkpatrick, Michael Kelly, and W. H. Halpin, whilst Messrs. E. W. Hughes, J. E. Wetherston, J. H. Gazzard and the Church of England service was conducted by the Rev. F. Stillwell, and Mr. A. H. Sandys, undertaker, Beaufort, carried out the mortuary arrangements.

The following are the results for November of eggs laid by Mrs. H. J. Richards' white Leghorn hens at Middle Creek:—Pen No. 2—377 eggs (18 birds), average 20.9; pen No. 3—308 eggs (14 birds), average 22; pen No. 4—470 eggs (20 birds), average 23.5; pen No. 5—358 eggs (16 birds), average 22.37; pen No. 6—299 eggs (3 birds), average 20.66. Total—2184 eggs (101 birds), average 21.63. Silver Wyandottes:—Pen No. 7—131 eggs (6 birds), average 21.83; pen No. 8—290 eggs (14 birds), average 20; pen No. 9—18—89 eggs (3 birds), average 21. Total—474 eggs (23 birds), average 20.61. 23 silver Wyandottes and 101 white Leghorns laid 2588 eggs—average 24.43 in November.

The Corrick Entertainers appeared at the Society's Hall, Beaufort, on Monday night, and presented a delightful programme. The building was well filled. The orchestral, vocal, and instrumental numbers were of a quality rarely placed before a country audience. Miss Alice Corrick, a splendid soprano, and Mr. Ernest Corrick, a tenor, were the first favorites with the audience. Miss Ruby Corrick, a cornet soloist, was also well received. The moving pictures were varied and entertaining.

The Riponshire balance-sheet for the financial year appears on our fourth page.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Connor, of Raglan, had the misfortune to lose their infant daughter on Tuesday, the cause of death being an infantile ailment. The child was 10 weeks old. The remains were interred at Beaufort.

It is announced by advertisement in another column that the shire offices will be closed from Monday, 26th inst., to Tuesday, 28th prox, (both days inclusive), for the Xmas and New Year holidays.

A team of tennis players from the St. Andrew's club, Beaufort, will journey to Learmonth today to play a match against a combined team chosen from the Presbyterian and Church of England clubs in that place. The Beaufort team is as follows:—Ladies—Miss Eliza Lewis and Miss W. Wetherston; gentlemen—Dr. Eadie, Rev. C. Neville, Messrs J. McDonald, and D. Lindsay.

The Ararat Athletic Club's annual carnival on New Year's Day will no doubt be well patronised by Beaufort district residents. There is a splendid programme of pedestrian, cycling, wood-chopping, fire brigade and Highland games. Entries have been received. A grand band contest among electric bicep show take place at night in Alexandra Park.

A little consideration was given at Tuesday night meeting of the vestry of St. John's Church, Soldiers' Hill, to the refusal of the board of nominators to agree to the transfer of the Rev. F. Stillwell, of Beaufort, to the vacant position at Soldiers' Hill, by the Rev. gentleman, who being young, energetic, is considered to be well fitted to restore the parish to something of its former strength. It is hardly likely (says the "Courier") that the deadlock will be overcome before the holidays, and the congregation may discuss the matter in plain terms at the annual meeting of parishioners next month should no settlement be arrived at in the meantime.

A grand united Friendly Societies' charity service is to be held in the Park on Sunday. The Beaufort Friendly Societies, with local visiting bands, will assemble at the rotunda at 3 1/2 p.m. and march to the Park, where addresses will be given by the Revs. C. Neville, J. W. Williams, Casterton, and a United choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Jackson, will sing hymns. Mr. Jackson wishes the choir to meet for practice next Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock, in the Methodist schoolroom, and to bring hymn books. The collection at the Park will be at Ballarat Hospital, and it is hoped that a good sum will be realised.

The Australasian Estates and Mortgage Co., Ltd., has put on sale for the year ending 31st Dec. the following:—A catalogue of 320 bales, which include several attractive clips from the western, central, eastern and north-eastern Victoria, and numerous smaller lots from the same districts and from Riverina and South Australia. The sale was a brisk one, with keen competition at all levels of prices, with a slightly stronger demand on American account. The top price of the sale was 15s, which was paid for the AA combi-bales of the Rifle-Downship, from Digby. This lot was in faultless condition, and excellently prepared for export. A combi-bale of the same brand made 11lb, 12 lbs and 13 lbs, and 100. BARGAINS IN BICYCLES.—Ladies' and Gents' 25" second-hand, and new at £14. Assignee's Sale of Insolvent's Stock Come quickly; rare chance.—J. R. WORTHESPOON & CO.—[Advt.]

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.
 A general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic club was held on Monday night, at the Mechanics' Institute. Mr. J. E. Loft (president) in the chair, and 12 members present. The Victorian Athletic league notified that Mr. G. T. Robertson would represent them at the Club's Boxing Day sports; whilst the Victorian Band Association intimated that Mr. C. W. Tompkins would be their delegate. The action of president, treasurer and secretary in accepting W. Hutton's tender for logs, at 4 per log, was endorsed. The Hon. Theo. Begg, M.L.C., forwarded a donation of £1. Mr. Philip Leverage, the Volum Brewing Co. 10, and the Ballarat Brewing Co. 10. These donations were acknowledged with thanks. Other landholders declined to subscribe for reasons given. Mr. Geo. Lewis, of Marston, said he did not feel inclined to subscribe, as he had sold his interests in the district, but for a great many years had done his share in no way, as must be admitted. Mr. H. M. Turner, manager of Trawalla Estate, wrote stating that he had no instructions from Admiral Bridges to pay anything towards the Beaufort Athletic Club. In urgent cases of sports, etc., unless he specially mentioned. However, the Admiral would soon be out (in December), and he would be permitted to do anything he felt that owing to such a state of affairs, and unjust legislation, he would not be in a mood to contribute to much sport in Australia. Mr. D. S. Oman, M.L.A. for Hampden, forwarded a donation of 10/. Mr. Hans W. H. Irvine, M.H.R. for Grampians, wrote stating that he had decided not to subscribe to the Beaufort Athletic Club, but he would be glad to pay away about a third of their income, so they could not be expected to do much more. These letters were received without comment. Mr. H. M. Turner, manager of Trawalla Estate, wrote stating that he had no instructions from Admiral Bridges to pay anything towards the Beaufort Athletic Club. 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THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Oh, it was wild and weird and wan, and ever in camp o' nights We would watch and watch the silver dance of the mystic Northern Lights.

And soft they danced from the Polar sky and swept in primrose haze; And swift they pranced with their shining feet, and pierced with a blinding glare.

They danced and cottoned in the sky; they were rose and silver shot; It was not good for the eyes of man 'twas a sight for the eyes of God.

It made us mad and strange and sad, and the gold whereof we dreamed Was all forgot, and our only thought was of the lights that gleamed.

Oh, the tundra sponges it was golden brown, and some was a bright blood red; And the remainder moss gleamed here and there like the tombstones of the dead.

And in an out and around about the little trail ran clear; And we hated it with a deadly hate and we feared with a deadly fear.

And the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame; Amber and rose and violet, opal and gold it came.

It swept the sky like a giant scythe, it quivered back to a wedge; Argently bright, it cleft the night with a wavy golden edge.

Pennants of silver waned and stream-ers, lazy banners unfurled; Sudden splendours of saffron gleamed, lightning javelins were hurled.

There in our awe we crouched and saw with our wild, uplifted eyes Chance and retire the hosts of fire in the battlefield of the skies.

The Ballads of a "Chechako."

THE HANDLING DISEASE AND DEATH.

Getting rid of dirty hands, says Dr. G. Eccles, is by far the most important hygienic problem which confronts the world to-day.

By dirty hands we do not mean merely the blackened hands of the coal heater or the stained hands of the painter or the grimy hands of the farmer.

It is, of course, impossible to keep the hands free always from the presence of these enemies of human life, not is it necessary.

IN THE FORESTS OF THE AMAZON.

The boa constrictor's home is among the luxuriant vegetation of the primeval forests of Northern South America.

At intervals he pauses, and rises his head so that his cat-like eyes may examine more widely his leafy surroundings.

Thousands upon thousands of deaths that are now occurring are being laid "to accident or to Providence."

We cannot call that murder which lacks intent to kill, but so near to murder is that with increased public knowledge the time will come when dirty-handed kitchen folk will have to skulk in shame or hide in intentional crime of our age.

Unclean hands is the chief unintentional crime of our age, and he who commits it, he who by his thoughtless uncleanness kills his own children, delivers to the reaper, Death, his own wife, sister, or parent, should be taught—roughly, if need be—when and how to wash his hands.

ETIQUETTE IN PARIS.

Rodin, the distinguished sculptor, was recently made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour.

Etiquette in Paris is very strict with regard to the wearing of decorations. On the day of the dinner Rodin realised that he did not know how to put on his medals.

When the fatal hour arrived the great sculptor wrapped his insignia carefully in paper and trusted to luck at the last moment.

Official etiquette in France is rather more complicated than might perhaps be expected in a republic.

Beneath the stony or sunily surface of the Sahara Desert lies what may be called the true floor of the desert.

It is not long ago that the quivering tongue-points touch the victim's nose, and mark it here, he does not previously lubricate it with saliva at all.

It is not long ago one of her necklaces showed signs of discoloration and the characteristic illness. It was taken to the jeweller, who secretly immersed it in the sea.

It is a historical fact that when the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria was seized with typhoid fever her great pearl necklace immediately began to fade.

When a person in the Sudan is bitten by a dog supposed to be suffering from rabies, he animal is instantly caught, killed, and cut open; the liver is taken out and slightly browned by being held to the fire, and then the white of the organ is eaten by the patient.

Two gun barrels of small calibre, two powder flasks, several small cannon balls, a sabre, and two coins have been recovered by divers from the wreck of the Armada ship Florencia in Tormery Bay.

People should therefore be most careful of their personal habits, and, always, before touching food, wash their hands.

SITE OF A VANISHED RANGE.

The site of a vanished mountain range in India was curiously suggested by the pendulum some years ago, late observations having tended to confirm the discovery.

The pendulum, as is well known, is deflected from the vertical by mountains, and in 1902 Col. Barrard, travelling southward, found that the northward deviation gradually diminished, then was followed by a deviation southward, that increased, reaching a maximum, diminished, and was at last succeeded by a new deflection to the north.

On the waterside he goes until his restless tongue-points touch its glassy surface. There are few jewelers who would give £5,000 for it now, so far has the malady progressed.

By the terms of Mme. Thiers' gift, her necklace cannot be taken from its case in the Louvre.

They have a melodious and varied range of song, which they occasionally indulge after dark; and have been known to awaken the midnight echoes with delightful music.

DEATH OF A PEARL NECKLACE.

£50,000 DOOMED TO DECAY.

The wonderful pearl necklace belonged to Mme. Thiers, wife of the distinguished French diplomat, and which was left to the French nation by her and placed in the Louvre, is dying from the mysterious, obscure disease which attacks these gems.

The malady of pearls has been known for ages to the more subtle minds of the East.

There are some women who cannot wear pearls, whatever it is sensitive is inimical to the gems. For the same reason there are some women who cannot wear turquoise.

The great jewelers now recognise this peculiarity and keep in reserve women upon whom the pearl shines.

It is not long ago one of her necklaces showed signs of discoloration and the characteristic illness. It was taken to the jeweller, who secretly immersed it in the sea.

It is a historical fact that when the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria was seized with typhoid fever her great pearl necklace immediately began to fade.

When a person in the Sudan is bitten by a dog supposed to be suffering from rabies, he animal is instantly caught, killed, and cut open; the liver is taken out and slightly browned by being held to the fire, and then the white of the organ is eaten by the patient.

There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation.

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There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation.

BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

WRENS AND WARBLERS. BLUE WREN OR SUPERB WARBLER.

Description:—In colour, various shades of blue in summer; throat, dark; ears and mantle, light; tail, long compared to wing.

The common species known in N. S. Wales, Victoria, and S. Australia, are very useful as insect destroyers. They have a wonderful appetite and feed chiefly on insect pests, devouring enormous quantities of grasshoppers, grubs, moths, march flies and, indeed, any kind of insect that is unfortunate enough to fall across their path.



Blue Wrens

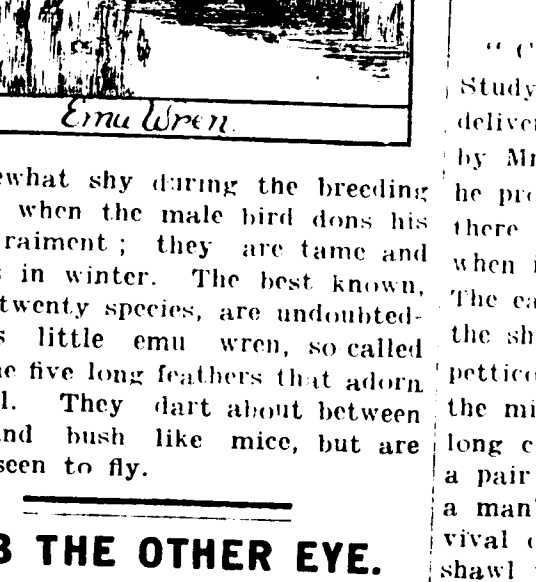
They have a melodious and varied range of song, which they occasionally indulge after dark; and have been known to awaken the midnight echoes with delightful music.

EMU-WRREN.

Description:—Body, two inches long; tail feathers, like those of the emu; head, light rufous.

This little bird delights in swampy ground, running and twittering about the coarse grass. Its wings are not well adapted for flying so that it prefers for safety to depend upon its legs and its capacity for hiding when in danger.

Wrens and warblers are purely Australian, and all build dome-shaped nests, many sizes too large, to all appearance, for such small occupants. They are much beloved of the bronze cuckoo, to whose chicks they are often foster-parents.



Emu-wren

Somewhat shy during the breeding season, when the male bird dons his gayer raiment; they are tame and fearless in winter. The best known, out of the twenty species, are undoubtedly this little emu wren, so called from its long feathers that adorn its tail. They dart about between bushes and bush like mice, but are rarely seen to fly.

RUB THE OTHER EYE.

Nine persons out of every ten, with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub it with one hand while hunting for a handkerchief with the other.

"Thinking he was chaffing me, I only rubbed the harder. I know the doctors think they know everything; but they don't, and if you will let me try alone and work on the other one you will soon have the cinder out, shouted the engine driver.

"I did as he directed, and soon felt the cinder down near the inner corner of the eye, and made ready to take it out. 'Let it alone and keep at the other eye,' again shouted the driver. I did so for a minute longer and then, looking into a small glass the engineer handed me, I saw the offender on my cheek. I have tried it many times since, always with success."

The Cockney waiter who bawls his order down the lift to the cook in the kitchen may soon be extirpated, but some of his cries, "Vanity Fair" thanks, are well worth saving.

"Mutton broth in a hurry," says a customer. "Baa-baa in the rain. Make him run," is the waiter's version. "Baked potatoes," orders a customer. "Mr. Murphy in his top coat," shouts the waiter. "Hash," says the customer. "Gentleman wants to take a chance," says the waiter. "I'll have hash, too," says the next customer. "Another sport," shouts the waiter. "The fried eggs; don't fry them too hard," is the next order. "Adam and Eve in the garden; leave their eyes open," hawls the waiter.

ABOUT HAIRDRESSERS.

REFUSE THE ROTARY BRUSH. OLDER THAN THE BIBLE VERSION.

A very active body which is seeking to guard the public interests in the matter of barbers' establishments, is known as the National Institute of Trichologists. It is now issuing a code to its members and students.

Among the matters of caution is one already pointed out in the "British Medical Journal" some years ago. It is that the great carrier of infection to the face is the shaving brush, and that the shaving brush, therefore it is, is a very special attention.

In default of that, thorough washing in hot water and subsequent disinfection in a carbolic or other reliable antiseptic solution is indicated. As pads of cotton-wool are not efficient for lathering, as substitutes for the shaving brush, it would be desirable that inventors should set their wits to work to find some substance which might take the place of the brush—that is, something cheap, that could be destroyed after using once.

The ideal method for hair-brushes is to sterilise them by means of dry heat. This is already in use in one or two London hair-cutting saloons.

The absurd revolving or machine hair-brush should have been scrapped long ago. It is curious to see this filthy apparatus still in operation, even in quite fashionable hair-dressing places. The revolving brush is not only bad for the victim in the chair, but it is distinctly bad, too, for the operator himself.

Clippers are to be avoided, and their cutting offices firmly refused, even though a pained expression should pass over the countenance of the artist. Clippers are not always easy to put together again when taken to pieces, and are, therefore, not to be properly cleaned only with difficulty.

Metallic combs can be dipped in spirits and passed through a flame and returned to spirits before being again required. Styptic alum blocks should be done away with once and for ever, and the danger of inoculating with a disastrous disease through a razor-cut thus avoided. As to soap for shaving, it should be put up aseptically in powder in small tubes or capsules, or in small tins.

Finally, the "British Medical Journal" contends that the hairdresser's saloon should be furnished much on the lines of an operating theatre, and the hairdressers should be scrupulously clean in themselves, and wear clean white jackets.

Professor Hilprecht, in his book on the antiquities of the Assyrian tablet, which his eye caught the word "cinder" in the meaning of "cinder."

"Upon Professor Hilprecht's opinion as to the possible origin of the word 'cinder' is a subject of a lecture delivered before the Selwyn Society by Mr. Wilfrid Mark Webb. He said there could be got out of clothes when investigated as a nature study. The earliest garment was probably the shawl, which was also used as a petticoat. Make rows of stitches up the middle of the petticoat, give one long cut between them, and you get a pair of trousers. The hat band on a man's hat was an interesting survival of the shawl, with which the shawl was bound on the head. The Scotch cap, the Bishop's mitre, and the little boy's sailor hat, with their tails and the bonnet strings could be referred to the same origin.

The little bow in the hat lining, at the end of the lacing, had its origin in the time when there was no one-eight sizes, and head coverings could be laced in or let out according to the size of the wearer's head. Men when in uniform to this day wore their feathers on the left side, because when plumes were first used and men drew their swords more frequently they did not want in flourishing them to get them mixed up with their feathers.

The cocked hat probably had its beginning in the age when hats were made so large that people had to loop them up temporarily, and afterwards the habit became permanent. The helmet of the modern firman had hardly altered since the ancient helmet of the Greek. The cockade had been traced back to the old hood, which, as it grew longer, was tied over the head, and the fringed end dropped over like a cock's comb.

The ordinary coachman of to-day is the gentleman of the middle of last century, the flunkey wore the kneebreeches of the George III. period and the page-boy's three rows of buttons came from the early reign of Queen Victoria. The groom's belt was for his mistress to hold on by when she rode pillion. The judge's wig with a hole in the top was not for ventilation, but referred to the time when judges were sergeants-at-law, who were members of the Order of the Coif.

One hundred and thirty skeletons have been discovered by the explorers who are delving on the site of the ancient Roman city at Caerwent.

In one country district in Germany "pay weddings" were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn, the receipts being set aside to set up the happy pair in their new home.

No man can be as rude as a woman can. It is a gift.—Raymond Coulson.

DELUGE STORY DISCOVERED.

OLDER THAN THE BIBLE VERSION.

In another account of the great deluge which Noah saved his family in the ark, has been found. It is of immense interest for several reasons. It obviously relates to the same event as that recorded in the book of Genesis in the Bible. It is much older than the Bible account, dating from about 2900 B.C., whereas the date of the version in Genesis is commonly given as 1200 B.C.

It is a century older than Abraham over 600 years older than Moses. It is one of several ancient records confirming the episode of the deluge, but it is far older than any of them. It is 1,500 years older than the famous Assyrian Deluge Tablet, found by Sir Austen Layard.

The newly discovered deluge inscription was found in the ruins of an ancient Nippur in Babylonia, by the expedition organised by the University of Pennsylvania, which has been carrying on excavations there for years. It has been deciphered by Professor Herman V. Hilprecht.

The tablet was found in the oldest part of the ruins of the temple library at Nippur.

Professor Hilprecht describes how Sumerian, the oldest human language of the world, was gradually supplanted by the Akkadian, a Semitic dialect which came in with the reign of King Sargon I., about 2900 B.C. It is in this dialect that the Hilprecht deluge tablet is inscribed. This fact fixes the date of the tablet as after that date, and other circumstances tend to place the date about 2900 B.C. or 4,810 years ago.

King Sargon I. was the first Semitic conqueror of Babylonia and the greatest personage of that early period of the world's history. The remains found at Nippur show that a few generations after Sargon's death a race called the Guti, who inhabited the mountainous regions north of Babylonia, overran the rich alluvial country watered by the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, and took possession of Nippur. This happened in 2900 B.C., and in close juxtaposition to the deluge tablet was another tablet which relates that "Erridu-Pozi, King of the Guti and of the four quarters of the world," was then on the throne of Babylonia. This indicates that the deluge tablet was not far removed in time from the invasion of the Guti.

It was in the country of the Guti that the Mardian tablet, mentioned in the old Layard tablet as that in which the ark rested, has been found. Professor Hilprecht's opinion is that the Guti, who were driven out of Babylonia by the returning wave of Semitic invasion, appeared in Europe as the dreaded Goths, the progenitors of the Germans.

Professor Hilprecht holds the importance of the Nippur tablet, which his eye caught the word "cinder" in the meaning of "cinder."

"Upon Professor Hilprecht's opinion as to the possible origin of the word 'cinder' is a subject of a lecture delivered before the Selwyn Society by Mr. Wilfrid Mark Webb. He said there could be got out of clothes when investigated as a nature study. The earliest garment was probably the shawl, which was also used as a petticoat. Make rows of stitches up the middle of the petticoat, give one long cut between them, and you get a pair of trousers. The hat band on a man's hat was an interesting survival of the shawl, with which the shawl was bound on the head. The Scotch cap, the Bishop's mitre, and the little boy's sailor hat, with their tails and the bonnet strings could be referred to the same origin.

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THE DAY OF TEMPTATION.

A STORY OF TWO CITIES.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Author of "If Sinners Began Their Prayer," "A Secret Service," "Guilt Bonds," etc., etc., etc.

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PART 12.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY STRAITS.

Before she had parted from the man... Gemma's eyes met his, and instantly the recognition was mutual.

It was the man who had attempted to take her life... Gemma's eyes met his, and instantly the recognition was mutual.

Gemma's eyes met his, and instantly the recognition was mutual... She had a look of intense interest.

She had a look of intense interest... Gemma's eyes met his, and instantly the recognition was mutual.

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quivering nose, a rather large, ever ruddy mouth, and curling, straggling black locks, which ever waved as in a perpetual breeze.

"I'm so glad, so very glad you've called, dear," Carmemilla said enthusiastically. "Father mentioned the other day that you were in England, and I've wondered so often why you've never been to see us."

"I've been staying with friends in the country," Gemma explained. "I suppose you speak English quite well now."

"A little. But oh! it is so difficult," she laughed. "And it is so different here to Firenze or Rome. The people are so strange."

"Yes," Gemma sighed. "I have also found it so." "In their girlhood days they had been close friends through five years at the grey old convent of San Paolo della Croce in the Via della Chiesa at Firenze, and afterwards at Rome, where Carmemilla had lived with her father, the old count, the Marchese Toscani, while her father had been absent fulfilling the post of Ambassador at Vienna."

"I'm so very glad you've called," Castellani's daughter repeated. "Come to my room, take off your things, and stay to luncheon. Father is out, and I'm quite alone."

"The count is out?" repeated her visitor in a feigned tone of regret. "Truth to tell, however, it was intelligence most welcome to her. 'I'm sorry he's not at home. We haven't met for so long.'"

"Oh, he's dreadfully worried just now," his daughter answered. "The work at this embassy is terrible. He goes writing and interviewing people every morning until night. He works much harder now than any of the staff, while at Brussels it was all so different. He had absolutely nothing to do."

"But this England is such a great and wonderful country, while Belgium is such a tiny one," Gemma observed. "The whole diplomatic world revolves around London."

"Yes, of course," she resumed. "But to sustain Italy's prestige we are compelled to do such lots of entertaining. I'm terribly sick of it all. The situation in Rome began to change almost as soon as father was appointed here, and now it has become extremely grave and critical. The men who were once his friends are now his bitterest foes. He has adjusted several most difficult matters recently, but no single word of commendation has he received from the Marquis Montelupo."

"Perhaps the marquis is not his friend," Gemma hazarded, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of her knowledge. "No. He is his enemy; of that I'm absolutely confident," the girl replied. "I hate him. He's never straight-forward. Once, in Rome, he tried to worm from me a secret of my father's, and because I would not speak he has never forgiven me."

"Was it some very deep secret?" Gemma inquired. "Yes. It concerned the prestige of Italy and my father's reputation for probity," she replied. "Why the King trusts him so implicitly I can never understand."

"There are serious political complications in Rome as you seem to think, then the days of his power are numbered," observed her visitor, now master of herself again. "The Ministry will be thrown out."

"Ah, that would be the best thing that could happen for Italy," she declared, with a look of wisdom. "Montelupo is my father's enemy. He seeks to fetter him in every action in order that his reputation as a diplomat may be ruined. So that the King may be forced to send him his letters of recall. Truly the post of Ambassador in London is no secure one."

Gemma was silent. She hesitated and shuddered. Carmemilla noticed it, and asked her if she were cold.

was of death-like pallor, at that moment of indecision. "Again she shuddered. With her hand upon her heaving breast, as if to allay an acute pain that centered there, her white lips moved, but no sound escaped them. She listened. The servants had gone."

Carmemilla was downstairs chatting with Tristram, the house at last seemed silent and deserted, therefore Gemma, losing no time in further indecision, and holding her skirt tight around her, so that they should not rustle, crept out on tiptoe, holding in her hand the key which Montelupo had given her. At first she proceeded slowly and noiselessly, but fearing detection hurried forward as she approached the door of the Ambassador's room.

At last she gained it, breathless. With scarce a sound she placed the key in the lock and a moment later was inside, closing the door after her. Unhesitatingly she went straight to the table, and placed her hand upon the drawer containing the document. It was locked. Next instant her heart beat wildly as her quick eye espied the key still remaining in another drawer, and taking it, she opened the locked drawer and stooped examining the great blue official envelope in her hand.

Yes, the blue pencil mark was upon it in the form of a cross, and the key had described. She had gained what she sought. Triumph was hers. Quickly she turned to make her exit, but next second fell back with a wild cry of alarm.

Count Castellani had entered noiselessly, and was standing erect and motionless between her and the door. "At last she gained it, breathless. With scarce a sound she placed the key in the lock and a moment later was inside, closing the door after her. Unhesitatingly she went straight to the table, and placed her hand upon the drawer containing the document. It was locked. Next instant her heart beat wildly as her quick eye espied the key still remaining in another drawer, and taking it, she opened the locked drawer and stooped examining the great blue official envelope in her hand."

CHAPTER XXV. A WOMAN'S DIPLOMACY. Gemma stood motionless; a deathly pallor overspread her cheeks, her eyes fixed themselves in terror upon this tall, well-dressed man who was her bitterest enemy. With one trembling hand she had clutched the revolving bookstand for support; the other held the envelope containing the secret document. She dared not breathe; amazement and alarm held her dumb.

"And by what right, pray, do you enter my room?" the ambassador inquired, after a few seconds of silence complete and painful. His face was blanched in anger; in his dark eyes was a keen glance of suspicion and hatred. She laughed—a that strange hollow laugh which her lover knew so well.

"I came to call on you," she answered. The door was closed, and they were alone together. "And you entered my room to pry into my private papers?" he said, his blood rising. "What's that you have in your hand?"

She set her lips firmly. She was no longer the sweet almost childlike girl, but a hard-faced desperate woman. "I have a paper," she said, holding it aloft, "that is the same document which you stole from me, and which you are trying to get possession of."

"Once again I ask you to give me that paper you have stolen," he said, in a voice that quivered with rage. "I have already replied, Count Castellani," she responded, "and I wish you good afternoon." Then, with her skirts trailing, she bowed and swept past him to the door.

"No," he cried, springing forward and arresting her progress in a moment of fury. "You shall not escape like that. Give me the paper, or—by heaven, I'll—"

"Well?" she cried, turning upon him with flashing eyes. "What will you do?" "I apologise, confess," he said quickly. "But give me back that paper. Remember that you've committed a heinous unpardonable theft."

"And you, as Ambassador of Italy, utter barefaced lies every day," she retorted. "Diplomacy is the art of lying artistically," he answered. "It is impossible to achieve success in diplomacy without resorting to the most ingenious and subtle of lies. Every diplomatist must be a born liar, but he need not be a thief."

"Some are," she retorted. "You are one." His face went purple in anger. "—a thief!" he blurted forth. "Have you taken leave of your senses, woman?"

"I'm entirely, I believe I have some remaining," she replied. "I gain respect that you, the Count Castellani, his Majesty's ambassador, are a mean, despicable thief, whom the tribunal at Rome would sentence to seven years' imprisonment if they became acquainted with the facts."

"I'll call in the police and have you arrested," he declared. "Really?" she exclaimed with a sarcastic laugh which caused his cheeks to become flushed with anger. "I think after so many years of diplomacy you ought to be aware that such a course is impossible. If you were a young attaché just fresh from Rome, my dear count, you might be pardoned for not knowing that here, in this country, I am an Italian, and being an Italian subject the London police are unable to arrest me."

"But they could outdo—in the square." "Certainly. But if I choose to remain here, what then?" "Remain here! You speak like an imbecile. Come, give me back that envelope."

"Never," she replied, still holding it firmly in her small hand, and regarding him with defiance. Castellani knew well the contents of that envelope, and was aware that Gemma must have been employed by those implicated by the proofs it contained. For months he had held this in his possession as a weapon to use as a last resource, and the manner in which she had entered his room and filched it from the drawer made it plain to him that those to whom he was now opposed were prepared to go any length to gain their own ends. But he likewise knew Gemma well, and was aware that as a secret agent of the Ministry she was without equal—less resourceful, and versed in every art of deception. He had met her often in society in Rome and Florence two years ago, been struck by her marvellous beauty as others had been, and had offered her marriage. In a word, he had made a fool of himself.

The revelations contained in that envelope she held were sufficient to cause the present Government to be hounded from its office and fat criminals, and possibly force a criminal prosecution against certain Ministers for misappropriating the public funds; therefore he was determined to regain it at all hazards, and use it for his own advancement. He had, only a month ago, been promised by his party, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the next Government, and this single document would place him in high office in Rome.

"If you defy me," he said, after a pause, his menacing gaze fixed upon that of the pretty fragile woman, "I must be ungallant enough to wrench it from you."

"I can never think you'll do that," she answered. "If you did, we could never come to terms." "Come to terms?" he echoed, resentfully. "I don't understand. I've no intention of coming to any arrangement with you."

He was standing before her in the centre of the room, but she watched his every movement narrowly. She saw that he was desperate, and intended to regain possession of the envelope. "Once again I ask you to give me that paper you have stolen," he said, in a voice that quivered with rage.

"I have already replied, Count Castellani," she responded, "and I wish you good afternoon." Then, with her skirts trailing, she bowed and swept past him to the door.

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"Well?" she cried, turning upon him with flashing eyes. "What will you do?" "I apologise, confess," he said quickly. "But give me back that paper. Remember that you've committed a heinous unpardonable theft."

"Because the identical cheque has been recovered, and bears your endorsement," he answered in a slow, distinct voice. "Who has recovered it?" he demanded quickly. "Who has it?"

She smiled triumphantly. This elegant man who but a moment ago had talked boldly, as became the Ambassador of Italy, was now cringing before her seeking information. His cool demeanour had altogether forsaken him. "I have that cheque," she said, her clear, unwavering eyes fixed upon his. In an instant, Castellani perceived that he was in the power of this pretty woman who, out of sheer pique, he had denounced and condemned. He knew well, too, that she was not the 895 abandoned woman that La Funaro was popularly supposed to be.

"Reflect for a single moment," she continued ruthlessly. "What would be the result of the production of that missing draft about which so much has been written in the newspapers?"

The ambassador bit his lip. Never in the whole course of his long and varied diplomatic career had he been so ingeniously checkmated by a woman. The estimate he had formed of her long ago was entirely correct. She possessed really remarkable talents.

"The result would certainly be rather annoying," he observed, making a sorry attempt to smile. "It would throw a very fierce light upon the ways and means of the party of thieves and adventurers who are endeavouring to grab Italy and grow fat upon the Treasury," she exclaimed. "The situation at Rome has, I understand, changed considerably within the past week or so. The public mind is feeling the influence of unfavourable winds. Well, it is possible before long that this missing cheque will have to be produced."

"Which will mean my ruin," he blurted forth. "You know that well. If that cheque ever gets into the hands of the present Government I shall be recalled and tried in a criminal court as a common thief."

"That's exactly what I said not long ago. You then declared that you had never touched a solo of other people's money," she observed, standing with her hand resting upon the writing-table, a slim graceful figure in her dark stuff dress.

"No, Gemma, no," he exclaimed earnestly. "You can't mean to expose this. I don't believe you have the cheque, after all. How did you learn my secret?"

"It is my duty to become acquainted with the secrets of those in opposition to the Government," she answered simply. "Remember what you have said of me since we have been together in this room. Of a woman of my evil reputation what can you expect but exposure?"

"You have resolved upon a vendetta?" he cried in a tone of genuine alarm. "I have resolved to treat you fairly," she replied, so calm that not a muscle of her face moved. "In return for that envelope and its contents which you've snatched from me, I will give you back your cheque."

"When?" he cried eagerly. "Now—at this moment." "You have it here?" "Yes, she replied. "Give me that envelope at once, and let us end this conversation. It is unkind to me to speak like this to a woman who once offered to make me his wife."

His excellency frowned, meditating deeply. He saw that La Funaro had entrapped him so cleverly that there was no loophole for escape. She was remorseless and unrelenting as far as any diplomat could be, and he knew that if she had decided to lead the draft to the authorities the result must prove utterly disastrous. Not only would he be ruined, but his party who sought office would be held up to public opprobrium and hopelessly wrecked.

"That paper is a purely private one," he said. "I cannot allow you to take it, Gemma."

"You prefer exposure, then?" she inquired, slightly inclining her head. "The Ministry of Justice are exceedingly anxious to recover that cheque, I assure you. Probably they will compel you to disgorge the substantial sum you received from the national funds when you endorsed the draft."

He paused again, his eyes fixed upon the carpet. "I'm not anxious for any revelations," he answered in a sudden tone of confidence. "But your price is too high. The document which you so nearly secured is to me worth double that which you offer."

He crossed to where Gemma stood, and handing her the sealed envelope with the blue cross upon it, received the cancelled cheque in exchange. His brow was heavy, and he sighed as at the window he examined it to reassure himself there was no mistake. Then, returning to the fire, he lit it at one corner, and in silence held it between his fingers until the wax had consumed it, leaving only a small piece of curling crackling tinder.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE PALAZZO FENARO. Days had lengthened into weeks, and it was already the end of February. Florence, as in London, February is not the most enjoyable time of the year, and those who travel south to the Winter City expecting the sunshine and warmth of the Riviera are usually sadly disappointed. At the end of March, Florence becomes pleasant, and remains so until the end of May; while in autumn, when the mosquitoes cease to trouble, the sun has lost its power, and a delightful place to reside in. But February afterwards besides the Arno are very often as dark as drizzly, and as yellow as beside the Thames, and as Gemma sat after luncheon in her cosy room, the smallest in the great old palazzo in the Borgo d'Albizi which bore her name, she shivered and drew a shawl about her shoulders.

It was one of the show-places of Florence; one of those prison-like buildings built of huge blocks of brown stone, time worn, having weathered the storms of four centuries, and notable as containing a magnificent collection of works of art. Its medieval exterior, a relic of ancient Florence, was gloomy and forbidding enough, with its barred windows, overhanging roof, strange lanterns of wonderfully worked iron, and great iron rings to which men tied their horses in days gone by. Once beyond the great courtyard, however, it was indeed a gorgeous palace. The Fenaros had always been wealthy and powerful in the lily city, and had through ages collected within their palace quantities of antiquities and costly objects. Every room was beautifully decorated, some with wonderful frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, whose work in the outer court of the Annunziata is ever admired by sightseers of every nationality, while the paintings were by Ciro Ferri, Giovanni da Bologna, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, and Fra Bartolommeo, together with some frescoes in grisaille with rich ornamentation by Don Sarto's pupil Franciabigio, and hosts of other precious works.

It was a magnificent residence. There were half-a-dozen other palaces in the same thoroughfare, including the Altoviti, the Albizzi, and the Pazzi, but this was the finest of them all. When Gemma had inherited it she had it one furnished hall-a-dozen rooms in modern style. The place was so commodious that she always felt her quarters cramped, and she had long ago had the great paved courtyard, with its ancient wall and curious carvatures chipped and weather-worn. The great gloomy, silent rooms, with their bare wooden floors, mouldering tapestries, and time-blackened pictures, were to her grim and ghastly, as indeed they were to any but an art enthusiast or lover of the antique. But the Countess La Funaro lived essentially in the present, and always declared herself more in love with cleanliness than antiquarian dirt. She had no taste for the relics of the past, and affected none. If English or American tourists found anything in her collections to admire, they were at liberty to do so on presenting their cards to the house-keeper. She was not so grim and even-smileless as her great-grandmother, the very walls, which seemed to breathe the mirth of the past, of those troublous times when the clank of armour echoed in the long stone corridors, and the clink of spurs sounded in the courtyard below where now the only invaders were the pigeons.

The furniture of the small elegant room in which she sat was entirely modern, upholstered in pale blue silk with her monogram in gold thread; the carpets were thick, the great high Florentine stove threw forth a welcome warmth, and the gray light which filtered through the curtains was just sufficient to allow her to read. She was lying back in her long chair in a lazy, negligent attitude, her fair hair a tangle dishevelled by contact with the cushion behind her head, and one of her little slippers having fallen off, her small foot in its neat black silk stocking peeped out beneath her skirt. On the table at her elbow were two or three unopened letters, while in a vase stood a fine bouquet of flowers, a tribute from her deaf house-keeper.

Since the day she had parted from Count Castellani in the hall of the Embassy in Grosvenor square she had travelled a good deal. She had been down to Rome, had had an interview with the Marquis Montelupo, and a week ago had unexpectedly arrived at the palazzo. As she had anticipated, when she broke her journey at Turin, on her way from London to Rome, and signed her name in the visitors' book at the hotel, the police official called early on the following morning to inform her that she must consider herself under arrest. But the words scribbled by Montelupo upon his visiting card had acted like magic, and having taken the card to the Questura the detective returned all bows and apologies, and she was allowed to proceed on her journey. Nearly nine months had elapsed since she last set foot within the walls of old palazzo, and as she sat that afternoon she allowed her book to fall upon her lap and her eyes to slowly wander around the pretty room. She glanced at the window where the rain was being driven upon the tiny panes by the boisterous wind, and again she shud-

dered. With an air of weariness she raised her hand and pushed the mass of fair hair off her forehead, and as it fell, she pressed her fingers against her eyes. The events of the past month had been many and strange. In Rome she had found herself besieged by a hundred pitfalls, but she had kept faith with the marquis, and the terms she had made with him were such as to give her complete satisfaction. A crisis, however, was, she knew, in the air, and she felt that she would be compelled to play a leading part. But to do so would require all her ingenuity, all her woman's wit, all her courage, all her skill at deception. Suddenly, as she was thus reflecting, Margherita her faithful but ugly woman who had been with her at Livorno, opened the door, and drawing aside the heavy portiere, said: "The signor."

"At last at last!" she cried, excitedly, jumping up instantly. "Show him up at once." Then, facing the great mirror, she placed both hands to her hair, rearranging it deftly, covered her lost slipper, cast aside the wrap, and stood ready to receive her visitor.

Again the door opened. The man who entered was Charles Anagnini, a pale, swarthy, and travelling man, who, taking a seat beside him, narrated how she had left Livorno for London, and afterwards travelled to Rome. Pointing to the gloom of the woman, he whispered his fixed upon her eyes, and for a moment with an expression of infinite grief he looked into her eyes.

"I received your telegram in Brussels two days ago, and have only just directed," he said at last, "I had not got to the post office every day, however, the day."

"My poor Nino must be tired!" she cried, suddenly, reproaching. "Here, this couch. Sit here, it will rest you. Dovere Nino! What a terrible journey—from Brussels to Florence!"

She sank upon the couch, her pale, swarthy, and travelling man, who, taking a seat beside him, narrated how she had left Livorno for London, and afterwards travelled to Rome. Pointing to the gloom of the woman, he whispered his fixed upon her eyes, and for a moment with an expression of infinite grief he looked into her eyes.

"What did you go to Rome for?" he asked. "You always said that you were going to the States."

"I had business," she answered. "Urgent business, business which has again assumed form within me."

"Still of a secret nature?" the young Englishman inquired, with a quick glance of suspicion. "For the present, yes," she replied in a low intense voice. "But you still love me, Nino? You can trust me now, don't you?" and she looked earnestly into his eyes.

"I have already trusted you," he replied. "Since that night I left you at Livorno, my life has been a dull aimless one. You have been ever in my mind, and I have wondered daily, hourly, what was the nature of this grave, mysterious part which you say threatens my life."

"That part still exists," she answered. "It increases daily, my honey? You are still threatened?" "You, the wealthy owner of this magnificent palazzo?" he exclaimed, gazing about the pretty room bewilderment. "Oh, when I was in Florence, in those days when we first met, I passed this great building. Little, however, did I know that my Gemma, who was in love with me in my own way, was in love with me in this way."

(To be continued.)

NEW ENGINE OF WAR. Trials have been made at St. Petersburg with a new engine of war which is said to throw a weight of two tons a distance of four miles. The engine is a portable one, and is driven by a steam boiler, a distance of six miles. It is said to be a very successful one, and is being made with better results.

NUMBERED STATIONS. A new and ingenious scheme for selling newspapers has been proposed by a member of the Department of Public Printing and Bookbinding. It consists in numbering the stations of the newspaper, and selling them by the number of copies required.

TO FIGHT SAFES. A French inventor has devised a chemical compound, which is said to be a most effective means of making it impossible for safe blowers to rob a safe. It is a most interesting discovery, and is being made with better results.

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OVER THE BACK FENCE.

DAD AND THE OLD MAN DISCUSS TOPICAL SUBJECTS.

Dad was leaning on the back fence. He wore a vacant expression on his countenance, and his general appearance was that of a man who is being beastly bored. The Old Man was his opposite in every respect. His face was flushed, his arms were working like a windmill, and his jaws like a quartz battery. He was decanting upon a favorite subject—the merits of the Labor party's platform and the achievements of its government.

"So old Don Jewell, the crack cyclist and dirt bike rider, Beaufort sports 20 years ago, is still able to push a thing," said the Old Man. "I see he is coming to Beaufort on Boxing Day."

"I was out on Saturday morning for a walk," said the Old Man. "I saw something coming which sounded like a Wirt's Circus. I looked around and behold it was the Town Brass Band marching to church in the General Booth. I cast my optics on the evening," Dad replied, "when I heard something which seemed like the whole Salvation Army going out to meet General Booth. I cast my optics on the wards, and hey presto, the Model Band making its first appearance in public met my astonished gaze."

"It is surprising," said the Old Man, "what an elevated position in the estimation of Beaufort people the modest three-pronged bit has. I thought the age of economy had died with the Scotch mind."

"What caused you to do it?" asked Dad. "I have been observing what people put on their feet at the Kirk on a self-denial Sunday?" "No," said the Old Man, abruptly, "you know I am not a Scotchman, although I pay to be one in some towns. No, I am referring to the marvelous way in which the Railway Department has put the young people off footing on to the Beaufort platform at night at express wages."



THE WORLD OF WHITE

HE MISSED A FEW TRAINS

But he "got here" all the same. In other words, though Summer is delayed a bit, there's not much doubt that Old King Sol has "arrived."

That means White Wear. It means cooler, lighter clothes. And by the way, Christmas is just round the corner—don't let yourself get caught napping.

Let us ask you a straight question. "Are you prepared for the hot weather and Christmas?" No, well we guessed as much. It's too bad putting off your purchases till the last minute; you don't do yourself justice.

and you don't give us a chance to look after you properly. Come in now and see our huge Christmas stock. Perhaps you only want light summer clothes and drapery. Well, we're holding them for you. You know the sort we mean, those materials that keep the warm winds out—that don't cling to the skin, but just hang cool and "comfy."

Perhaps you want only Christmas supplies. Well, they're here, too—and such value! Look here, just call in right away and feast your eyes on our stock—it will gladden your heart when you realise that you will be able to do Christmas this year a lot better and a lot cheaper.

Now, don't put this down and say "I'll go in to-morrow!" To-morrow doesn't exist—it never did—come in to-day—while you've got the matter fresh in your mind—besides, if you get in early, you'll have a bigger selection to choose from.

WE'RE EXPECTING YOU!



BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1910. (Before Messrs R. A. D. Sinclair, D. F. Troy, and E. W. Hughes, J.P.s.) Defendant—Did Mrs. Rose Meredith when she was ill, and in return she told her she would do the same for her. They paid her £1 5s—what they could afford to pay.

OLD PIONEERS' NIGHT.

The old pioneers of the district were entertained at a smoke night at the Mechanics' Institute Tuesday evening by the members of the Beaufort Branch, A.N.A. There were about 50 members and visitors present, among the latter being Messrs Winox (President of the A.N.A.), J. Walker (Ballarat Catholic Young Men's Society), the branch president, and Mr. H. Boyce.

WEDDING.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at the R.C. Church on Wednesday, 23rd November, when Mr Alexander Bickers, of the R.A. Artillery, Melbourne, was united in matrimony with Miss Margaret Ellen Rodgers, second youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs James Rodgers, of Traralgon, officiating.

MINING NEWS.

The following are the local mining returns for the week ending Friday, Dec. 16th—Dickman and party, 20z. 13dwt.; Beaufort Deep Leads, 60z. 18dwt.; Morris and party, 130z. 6dwt.; Sundries, 10z. 15dwt. 20gr.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

This disease is more likely to be contracted when a child has a cold. According to published statistics more deaths result from this disease than from scarlet fever, yet in all our experience we have never heard of a case that did not recover.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BEAUFORT BUSH FIRE BRIGADE.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade is announced for Monday evening next, 19th inst., at the Shire Hall. Officers are to be elected, and the balance-sheet received, and any other business transacted that may arise.

FORAGE. TENDERS will be received until Eleven o'clock a.m. on Thursday, 5th January next, for the supply of Forage at the various Police and other Stations in Victoria from the 1st March, 1911, to the 28th February, 1912.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING AND BRASS BAND CONTESTS!

BEAUFORT DISTRICT BUSH FIRE BRIGADE. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above Brigade will be held at the Shire Hall on Monday Evening next, 19th inst.

SHIRE OF RIPON. Notice is hereby given that the Shire Office will be closed from Monday, 26th December, 1910, to Tuesday, 3rd January, 1911 (both days inclusive), Christmas and New Year Holidays.

SHIRE OF RIPON. Notice is hereby given that the next Ordinary Meeting of the Council will be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1911.

SHIRE OF RIPON. Notice is hereby given that the next Annual Meeting of the above Brigade will be held at the Shire Hall on Monday Evening next, 19th inst.

CREDITORS. Next of kin, and all others having claims against the estate of the undermentioned person are required to present particulars thereof to the Trustees, Executors or Agency Company Limited, the office of which is situate in Camp Street, Ballarat, on or before the twenty-fifth day of January proximo, after which time they may be excluded from the assets being distributed thereon.

FARMING LAND. FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY, ABOUT 2,500 ACRES OF THE MOUNT EMU ESTATE.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON.

HAWKES BROS. FOR XMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS.

LATEST DESIGNS in E.P. WARE. Vases, Cake Baskets, Butters, Jams, Hot Water & Jugs Kettles, Waiters, Teapots, Cases Forks, Spoons, Perfume Bottles, Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, &c., &c.

CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE & FANCY GOODS. in almost endless variety.

GOODS of the BEST QUALITY at LOW PRICES. INSPECTION INVITED.

See our Window display. Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB. ANNUAL GARNIVAL. NEW YEAR'S DAY, Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1911.

SPLENDID PROGRAMME of Pedestrian, Cycling, Wood-chopping, Fire Brigade, and Highland Events.

BEAUFORT BRANCH, A.N.A. THE usual Fortnightly Meeting on Boxing Night will lapse.

ANY person found removing a reserved item from the Beaufort Branch, A.N.A. without permission from the Manager, will be prosecuted.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING AND BRASS BAND CONTESTS!

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See our Window display. Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the Year ended 30th September, 1910.

Table with columns for Receipts (Total, North Riding, East Riding, West Riding, Beaufort Water Supply, Trust Account) and Expenditure (Total, North Riding, East Riding, West Riding, Beaufort Water Supply, Trust Account). Rows include Riding Balances, Cash in hand, Contractors' Deposits, etc.

OBITUARY. MR. HENRI DE BAERE.

An old identity of Ararat passed away at an early hour on Friday morning, 9th inst., in the person of Mr. Henri De Baere, the said event taking place at his residence, Barkly-street, east side of the town.

DISTRICT WOOL SALES.

December, 8th. Strachan, Murray, and Shannan Property Limited (executors of John Ware, Esq.) (conj.) (executors of John Ware, Esq.)

Messrs Dalgety and Co. Ltd. report—The fleece portion of the River Carriagh was much admired for its length and density of staple.

Man of Kent hotel, Snake Valley, £30; Marianne Halpin, Camp hotel, Beaufort, £29; Albert Hanns, Railway hotel, Linton, £40; Mary Ann Hollyer, Commercial hotel, Beaufort, £40; Victoria Junction hotel, Waterloo, £25; William Carlton Jones, Golden Age hotel, Beaufort, £18; Catherine Kelly, Victoria Junction hotel, Waterloo, £25; John Kemp, Surfside Hill hotel, Linton, £45; Mary Murray, Victoria hotel, Linton, £50; Robert A. McCallum, Snior's Gully hotel, Nerring, £25; John Joseph O'Meara, Junction hotel, Linton and Skipton road, £40; Eliza bath schiedt, All Nations hotel, Beaumaris, £45; Isaac Storey, Prince of Wales hotel, Beaufort, £30; Amy Vowles, Abition hotel, Waterloo, £25; Richard James Vowles, Waterloo hotel, Waterloo, £25; Ernest H. Welsh, Beaufort hotel, Beaufort, £35; John Robertson, Victoria hotel, Waterloo, £25; Statutory number of inhabitants in Beaufort licensing district, 5,575; Loxley Hart hotel, Wauba, £30; Martin Hayes, Springs hotel, Waterloo, £20; Michael Bealey, Crown hotel, Waterloo, £25; Mary A. Jaensch, Trawalla hotel, Beaufort, £40; Bernard Martinson, Beaufort hotel, Waterloo, £25; Annie L. Cully, Evansford hotel, Evansford, £20; Catherine O'Brien, Pyreneas hotel, Linton, £35. Statutory number of inhabitants in Linton licensing district, 1,230.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCILLORS OF THE SHIRE OF RIPON. GENTLEMEN,—I beg to report that I completed my examination of the Books, Accounts, and Contracts of your Shire for the year ending 30th September, 1910, and have found them correct and generally in very good order, reflecting credit upon your officers.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, who are subject to Colds on the chest, it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this cure. No house should be without it, as taken at the beginning, a dose of two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

STATE LAND TAX.

MR. OMAN OPPOSES EXEMPTIONS. SAYS THEY ARE WRONG IN PRINCIPLE. In the Assembly recently an amendment was moved in the Land Tax Bill with a view to having no exemptions.

A LETTER FOR WOMEN TO READ.

MRS. RAPSON, OF SOUTH MEL. SAYS 'CLEMENS' TONIC IS FOR WOMEN.'

FOR HYSTERIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, LOSS OF SLEEP, ETC. Women by the thousand suffer from these ailments, and their sufferings are often unendurable.

LICENSING COURT.

Messrs G. Goldsmith (Chairman), Reid Murphy, and W. W. Harris, P.M.S., sat as a Licensing Court at Beaufort, on Friday, 9th inst. James J. O'Meara and John Joseph O'Meara, executors in the estate of the late John O'Meara, applied to have the license of the Junction hotel, Linton and Skipton road, transferred to John Joseph O'Meara, a resident of the late hotel, Linton, in his name.

VARICOSE VEINS CURED. Do not let anyone else tell you how you can cure your Varicose Veins. Only a temporary and painful relief is afforded by the modern case, the Vessey Method of Treatment.

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES AND MORTGAGE CO. LTD. WOOL WAREHOUSES, 573 to 579 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE. AUCTION SALES OF WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, TALLOW AND GRAIN WEEKLY.

HAVE YOU PERFECT VISION? J. A. HARRIS, Optician, Beaufort. Wishes to notify that he has fitted the eyes of Mr. J. G. GAZZARD, a resident of Beaufort, with a pair of glasses.

W. S. SMITH. Desires to intimate to the residents of Beaufort that he has purchased the BEAUFORT BAKERY, and trusts by prompt attention to business, combined with the best quality goods, to merit a share of public patronage.

MARCHANT, Consulting Optician and Eyesight Specialist, Kent House, Geelong. Visits Beaufort monthly, and may be consulted at HARRIS' PHARMACY.

J. H. GAZZARD. Rates of Exchange. Money Orders. Drafts. Exchange. Not over £10.00. Over £10.00. 2s. 6d. per £100. 2s. 10d. per £100. 3s. 0d. per £100. 3s. 6d. per £100. 4s. 0d. per £100. 4s. 6d. per £100. 5s. 0d. per £100. 5s. 6d. per £100. 6s. 0d. per £100. 6s. 6d. per £100. 7s. 0d. per £100. 7s. 6d. per £100. 8s. 0d. per £100. 8s. 6d. per £100. 9s. 0d. per £100. 9s. 6d. per £100. 10s. 0d. per £100. 10s. 6d. per £100. 11s. 0d. per £100. 11s. 6d. per £100. 12s. 0d. per £100. 12s. 6d. per £100. 13s. 0d. per £100. 13s. 6d. per £100. 14s. 0d. per £100. 14s. 6d. per £100. 15s. 0d. per £100. 15s. 6d. per £100. 16s. 0d. per £100. 16s. 6d. per £100. 17s. 0d. per £100. 17s. 6d. per £100. 18s. 0d. per £100. 18s. 6d. per £100. 19s. 0d. per £100. 19s. 6d. per £100. 20s. 0d. per £100. 20s. 6d. per £100. 21s. 0d. per £100. 21s. 6d. per £100. 22s. 0d. per £100. 22s. 6d. per £100. 23s. 0d. per £100. 23s. 6d. per £100. 24s. 0d. per £100. 24s. 6d. per £100. 25s. 0d. per £100. 25s. 6d. per £100. 26s. 0d. per £100. 26s. 6d. per £100. 27s. 0d. per £100. 27s. 6d. per £100. 28s. 0d. per £100. 28s. 6d. per £100. 29s. 0d. per £100. 29s. 6d. per £100. 30s. 0d. per £100. 30s. 6d. per £100. 31s. 0d. per £100. 31s. 6d. per £100. 32s. 0d. per £100. 32s. 6d. per £100. 33s. 0d. per £100. 33s. 6d. per £100. 34s. 0d. per £100. 34s. 6d. per £100. 35s. 0d. per £100. 35s. 6d. per £100. 36s. 0d. per £100. 36s. 6d. per £100. 37s. 0d. per £100. 37s. 6d. per £100. 38s. 0d. per £100. 38s. 6d. per £100. 39s. 0d. per £100. 39s. 6d. per £100. 40s. 0d. per £100. 40s. 6d. per £100. 41s. 0d. per £100. 41s. 6d. per £100. 42s. 0d. per £100. 42s. 6d. per £100. 43s. 0d. per £100. 43s. 6d. per £100. 44s. 0d. per £100. 44s. 6d. per £100. 45s. 0d. per £100. 45s. 6d. per £100. 46s. 0d. per £100. 46s. 6d. per £100. 47s. 0d. per £100. 47s. 6d. per £100. 48s. 0d. per £100. 48s. 6d. per £100. 49s. 0d. per £100. 49s. 6d. per £100. 50s. 0d. per £100. 50s. 6d. per £100. 51s. 0d. per £100. 51s. 6d. per £100. 52s. 0d. per £100. 52s. 6d. per £100. 53s. 0d. per £100. 53s. 6d. per £100. 54s. 0d. per £100. 54s. 6d. per £100. 55s. 0d. per £100. 55s. 6d. per £100. 56s. 0d. per £100. 56s. 6d. per £100. 57s. 0d. per £100. 57s. 6d. per £100. 58s. 0d. per £100. 58s. 6d. per £100. 59s. 0d. per £100. 59s. 6d. per £100. 60s. 0d. per £100. 60s. 6d. per £100. 61s. 0d. per £100. 61s. 6d. per £100. 62s. 0d. per £100. 62s. 6d. per £100. 63s. 0d. per £100. 63s. 6d. per £100. 64s. 0d. per £100. 64s. 6d. per £100. 65s. 0d. per £100. 65s. 6d. per £100. 66s. 0d. per £100. 66s. 6d. per £100. 67s. 0d. per £100. 67s. 6d. per £100. 68s. 0d. per £100. 68s. 6d. per £100. 69s. 0d. per £100. 69s. 6d. per £100. 70s. 0d. per £100. 70s. 6d. per £100. 71s. 0d. per £100. 71s. 6d. per £100. 72s. 0d. per £100. 72s. 6d. per £100. 73s. 0d. per £100. 73s. 6d. per £100. 74s. 0d. per £100. 74s. 6d. per £100. 75s. 0d. per £100. 75s. 6d. per £100. 76s. 0d. per £100. 76s. 6d. per £100. 77s. 0d. per £100. 77s. 6d. per £100. 78s. 0d. per £100. 78s. 6d. per £100. 79s. 0d. per £100. 79s. 6d. per £100. 80s. 0d. per £100. 80s. 6d. per £100. 81s. 0d. per £100. 81s. 6d. per £100. 82s. 0d. per £100. 82s. 6d. per £100. 83s. 0d. per £100. 83s. 6d. per £100. 84s. 0d. per £100. 84s. 6d. per £100. 85s. 0d. per £100. 85s. 6d. per £100. 86s. 0d. per £100. 86s. 6d. per £100. 87s. 0d. per £100. 87s. 6d. per £100. 88s. 0d. per £100. 88s. 6d. per £100. 89s. 0d. per £100. 89s. 6d. per £100. 90s. 0d. per £100. 90s. 6d. per £100. 91s. 0d. per £100. 91s. 6d. per £100. 92s. 0d. per £100. 92s. 6d. per £100. 93s. 0d. per £100. 93s. 6d. per £100. 94s. 0d. per £100. 94s. 6d. per £100. 95s. 0d. per £100. 95s. 6d. per £100. 96s. 0d. per £100. 96s. 6d. per £100. 97s. 0d. per £100. 97s. 6d. per £100. 98s. 0d. per £100. 98s. 6d. per £100. 99s. 0d. per £100. 99s. 6d. per £100. 100s. 0d. per £100. 100s. 6d. per £100.

THE SMART STORE FOR MEN'S WEAR.

Ready-to-wear suits for Men, Youths, and Boys, At COUGLE'S

Equal to Tailor-made. Good Fitting, Well made. THE STORE FOR FASHION SHIRTS.

A large variety of newest designs. THE STORE FOR HATS. HATS. HATS.

Straw Boaters, Felts, Panama. Agent for WOODROW'S Straw and Felt Hats.

THE STORE FOR BOYS' SUITS. BOYS' SUITS.

Big stock to choose from. SMARTEST STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.

YOU BUY RIGHT IF YOU BUY

AT G. H. COUGLE'S, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

W. H. HALPIN

Desires to inform the Public that he is prepared to Sell Hay, Oats, Chaff, Bran, Pollard, &c., At Lowest Current Rates.

Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Produce. W. H. H. respectfully solicits a fair share of public patronage. Fencing and Barb Wire always on hand; also Galvanised Iron and other Hardware.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hotel having changed hands, the present Proprietor wishes to notify the public that the Hotel and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and will be prepared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept. FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1-12

First-class Green always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on Hire. The Proprietor trusts that with every attention combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.

Your Bridal Photograph. Famous BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS, RICHARDS & CO.

We make Bridal Photographs a special study; that is why we have a world-wide reputation for Bridal Portraits. Brides from all parts of Australia sit to Richards & Co.

Enlarged Photographs. Size of Photo. Size of Mount. Price. 12 x 10. 2 1/2 x 1 1/2. 2/6. 15 x 12. 3 1/2 x 2 1/2. 3/6.

Richards & Co., Sturt Street, BALLARAT.

FREE CERTAIN 2 + 2 = 4: Just as Certain - HARRIS' RHEUMATIC POWDERS. An Entirely New and Valuable Remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney, Backache, and Muscular Pains. J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

Commissioner for Affidavits Supreme and High Courts. MONEY TO LEND IN ANY SUM. VISITS SKIPTON FRIDAYS.

BIRTH. PANTHER.—On the 11th Dec., at Beaufort, the wife of A. B. Panther, of "Fernside," Raglan—a son.

DEATH. SCHLICHT.—On 23rd December, at Beaufort, Annie, the beloved wife of Theodore William Schlicht. Aged 27 years.

BEREAVEMENT CARD. MR and MRS. FURSTROM and family desire to thank their many kind friends for sympathy shown to them in their recent sad bereavement, especially Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Craswell, and Mr. Barnes.

The Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910.

As the world sits down to its Christmas dinner it can look back on much good that has been done in 1910, and can peer into the future with every confidence. The year on the whole has been a kind one, and to bright sunny Australia especially so.

There is Nothing... That will give so much pleasure to so many for so long a time as an Edison Phonograph!

The enjoyment it affords is the kind that lasts. It sings to you in your quiet moments and enlivens your lively ones. It means as much to the little folks as to the grown folks. It will give you the best talent in the land, and will do so as often as you like and where you like.

W. H. JONES, PHONO. DEPOT, BEAUFORT. NEILL & HAVELOCK STS.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Beaufort, 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; Rev. F. Stowell, Main Lead. 3.30 p.m.; Waterford, 7.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; Rev. F. Stowell, Main Lead. 3.30 p.m.; Sturt, 7.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; Rev. F. Stowell, Main Lead. 3.30 p.m.; Sturt, 7.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; Rev. F. Stowell, Main Lead. 3.30 p.m.

Tenders are invited by the Department of Public Works until 12 o'clock on Thursday, 28th January, for repairs, additions, and alterations to the Beaufort Police Station.

Mr. J. B. Cochran, who does a bit of farming and grows a little wool, in addition to his newsagency, stationery, and confectionery business at Beaufort, sold the first load of hay for the season at Messrs J. R. Wetherston & Co's.

On Sunday last at Beaufort, George Lott, a boy six years of age, fell and fractured his collar-bone. The little fellow was playing about some old diggings with several companions, when the accident happened.

The Raglan Methodist Church anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, 11th inst., when Rev. J. Barningham preached in the afternoon and evening to excellent congregations.

A painful accident (writes our correspondent) befel a youth named Charles Jones, son of Mr. Thos. Jones, of Waterford, on Friday, 16th inst.

A grand united Friendly Societies' charity service is to be held in the Park on Xmas Sunday. The Beaufort Friendly Societies, with local and visiting bands, will assemble at the rotunda at 3.15 p.m.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Methodist Sunday school teachers was held in the school-room on Tuesday, 13th inst.

Local and General News. The next ordinary meeting of the Riponshire Council will be held on Monday, 9th January, instead of the usual first Monday in the month.

Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, J.P., has been appointed deputy coroner to hold inquests (when necessary) at and in the vicinity of Beaufort, in the absence of the coroner.

The brethren of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.L.O.Q.F., are requested to meet at the Lodge room on Xmas Day, at 8 p.m., to take part in a charity gathering.

For Cast Shares, all makes, Plow Chains, Harness, American Plows, Seed Drills, and up-to-date Implements, you should try HAWKES BROS.

The Ararat Athletic Club's annual carnival on New Year's Day will no doubt be well patronised by Beaufort, as the programme of pedestrian, cycling, chopping, fire brigade and Highland games. Record entries have been received.

Large numbers of harvesters are being consigned to the Beaufort railway station this year, and taken by road to the farms on the portions of large estates which have been recently subdivided at Carranballac and Lake Goldsmith.

On Saturday last, Stanley Tompkins was presented with a handsome travelling bag by his fellow students of the Ballarat Technical Art. Mr. Smith, the Director, in making the presentation, said that the bag was a gift from the students, and wished him every success, to which the recipient suitably responded.

The departmental returns of district gold fields for the quarter ending 30th September, which have now come to hand, show that the Beaufort Deep field treated 4,476,000 lbs. of wash-dirt for a return of 519oz., valued at £2076; the quantity treated to date being 1278 fathoms, for a yield of 1562oz. 8dwt. W. Dickman and Co., Beaufort, treated half a dozen times 192,000 lbs. of wash-dirt for a return of 2100oz. 15dwt. Morris and party, Beaufort, treated 11 fathoms a yield of 279oz. 11dwt. valued at £1128. Returns as to their gold yield to date are not published.

We learn from the "Standard" that at the Grenvilleville Council meeting on Thursday, 15th inst., a letter was received from R. H. Dawes, C.E. (formerly engineer to the shire), forwarding a report on the Tame's lane contract.

It is announced by advertisement in another column that the shire offices will be closed from Monday, 26th inst., to Tuesday, 3rd prox. (both days inclusive), for the Xmas and New Year holidays.

One of the saddest deaths that it has ever been our lot to chronicle occurred at Beaufort yesterday morning; Mrs. Annie Schlicht, the wife of Mr. Theodore Wm. Schlicht, auctioneer, of Beaufort, being the victim.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week amounted to 110 points. Fine weather is predicted for the Xmas holidays.

Monday and Tuesday next are to be closely observed by the business people of Beaufort as holidays. The butchers announce that there will be no delivery of meat on those days.

The Carnham and Chestow United Goldfields and Town Common is to be abolished. Excursions of various sorts have reduced it to about a thousand acres, and Mr. C. J. Joy, the Ballarat land officer, on Thursday, 15th inst., reduced it to nothing, or at all events recommended that that should be done.

The Menzies Estate, comprising some 16,000 acres odd, was submitted for sale by public tender at Ararat on Thursday, 15th inst. The sale was conducted at the Town Hall in all about 2000 acres were sold at satisfactory prices, including the home-stead. The agents (Messrs. Laidlaw, Larkins, Brophy, and Co.) are confident that the balance of the estate will be disposed of during the next few weeks.

The Societies' Hall was well filled on Friday evening, 16th inst., when a concert was given by local and visiting artists in aid of the funds of the Beaufort Model Band.

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MODEL BAND CONCERT.

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FORMS OF INSANITY.

With Land Tax forms upon them— Each had one in his hand— Bewildered and bewailing, I saw a mighty band; All sorts and all conditions Were in the bothered batch, And all of them were wending Their way to Colney Hatch.

The Heads of the Asylum. As soon as they were told, Came rushing out and shouted, "We're full as we can hold; For since those forms were issued We've not had time to snatch A moment's rest from guarding The gates of Colney Hatch.

"There may be room in Hanwell," The madmen hurried there, To find that building crowded And not a bed to spare. And all the great asylums A story tell to match— The Land Tax forms have jammed them.

FRIENDS, AND AN OLD BOOK.

TWO CAPITAL STORIES.

"I picked up to-day," said the doctor, "A curious old book of travels and anecdotes, in which the writer develops the theory that twenty good acquaintances are the change for a friend; that is to say, that one is as well off with twenty silver shillings as a golden pound. The analogy will not, of course, hold good, because you can do exactly the same with twenty shillings as with a sovereign, whereas you cannot do the same with twenty acquaintances as with one friend, since they are not friends."

"It depends," said A., "on what one wants. In health and prosperity twenty acquaintances might be more amusing and companionable than a friend; but in illness or adversity they would certainly be disappointing and they might be a nuisance."

"How would you define a friend?" B. asked.

"I should define him," said A., "as one who, although he knows your bad side, still likes you."

"And whom, although you know his bad side, you still like you?" "Of course. As I like you."

"Well, in that case," said B., "I don't see how one can talk of acquaintances making up for him at all. He is too different, too distinct."

"It's a good word," said C., "it's a pity to abuse it. Rival counsel who refer scathingly to their learned friend make me furious."

"What was your idea of a friend, doctor?" asked B.

"I don't think I had thought," he answered, "I suppose in vague way I knew it was one to whom one could give oneself away safely."

"Not a bad definition," said C., "would be one who comes in reply to telegrams."

"Yes," said D., "or one who can be told to stay behind and pay the water."

"Tell us more about your book," said A.

"It is by a Frenchman," said the doctor, "written between 1775 and 1805. A diplomatist, a kind of moral Casanova, moving from Court to Court gathering anecdotes instead of victims. He knew everyone—from the great Chatham to Voltaire. Amusing anecdotes of highwaymen have always been attractive to me. Here is one of a certain artist in that 'genre' named Boulter, who was hanged in 1778:—

"It was said of him, among other things, that one day riding on horseback on the high-road, he met a young woman who was weeping, and who appeared to be in great distress. Touched with compassion, he asked what was the cause of her affliction; when she told him, without knowing who he was, that a creditor, attended by a bailiff, had gone to a house which she pointed out, and had threatened to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas, Boulter gave her the thirty guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt, and set her husband at liberty; she ran off, loading the honest gentleman with her benedictions. Boulter, in the meantime, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out, he then attacked him and took back the thirty guineas, besides everything else that he had about him, everything that he had about him, everything that he had about him, everything that he had about him."

"Such a proceeding," said the doctor, "must put the celestial Bench in a serious dilemma. The man had been good to the poor girl; that should count in his favour. But he had robbed; that should count against him. But his booty was his own loan; that was not far removed from justice. But he took everything else too; that was robbery, no doubt. All the same, the drying of the poor girl's tears has to count. I have known the traveller continue, 'many persons who have been robbed in England. All agree in doing justice to the respectful behaviour which these robbers showed to those whom they put under contribution.'"

"His meeting with a famous actress on that day was amusing. It was in Paris, and he had gone alone to the theatre:—

"I seated myself in one of the boxes, which was rather dark; there was nobody in it but a lady and her daughter, and a man who I took for the husband. The lady was conversing in English, and was making their remarks upon the actors. The lady asked me some questions in bad French, and I answered her in English. She seemed delighted at being able to converse in her own language and begged me to tell her the names of all the actors and actresses who were in the piece. We also talked about the English theatre. She asked me what I thought of Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard; I told her I thought them excellent, and gave her my reasons.

"She approved of my judgment, and asked me also what I thought of Mrs. Yates. As for her, I told her, I only thought her a middling performer.

"What are her defects?" "She wants mind; she mistakes one passion for another; she is in a rage when she should be weeping."

"Is it long since you saw her?" "I saw her last Tuesday in Zara."

"But tell me another instance." "I mentioned two or three."

"And how should those parts be performed?" "I cannot tell; I am no actor; but we may be able to perceive a part is not well performed, without being able to play it properly oneself."

"Perceiving, however, the warmth with which the lady defended Mrs. Yates, I was desirous of recanting, or at least softening the severity of my criticism; but she reminded me of what I had said before, and I endeavoured to justify my assertions.

"By this time the husband had joined us, and both the young lady and he paid the greatest attention to the conversation, but did not take any part in it."

"At last, the play concluded, I gave my hand to the lady to assist her out of the box, and as I took leave of her, I looked at her by the light, and perceived that it was Mrs. Yates herself that I had been all the time talking to. I did not let them see that I knew her, but retired."

"She told me that she lodged at the Hotel de Tours; I went thither the next morning, and inquired what English persons lodged there; and found them to be Mr. and Mrs. Yates and their daughter. They as well as myself, had left London on Wednesday, and had arrived in Paris on Sunday."

"I afterwards learned that she took pleasure in relating this anecdote herself, saying that she had never received so good a lesson. This was in the year 1766, and I have been since assured that she greatly profited by it."

"This incident," said the doctor, "deserves a place in my collection of such meetings, which are always productive of humour, and usually, in time, of profit."—From "Methuen's Bullitin."

"The idle Levant lays out no broad sands where children may paddle and play, and the north wind, the life preserver of the land in summer, raises such a daily surf that bathing is perilous except in those fenced areas, surrounded on three sides with crazy cabins, which suggest neither the freedom nor the freshness of the sea."

So the summer visitor exists rather than lives, sleeps longer than is good for him, plays more games of hazard than make for his moral welfare, and is apt to stray in divers ways from the narrow paths of virtue. The lower classes of the Egyptian population, if they can get to the sea at all, make for less expensive resorts, where they can camp Arabwise, in tents or shelters of palm-leaves and maize-stalks.

The most popular place is Ras-el-Bar, a long sand-spit at the mouth of the Damietta Nile, a very fresh and easy place where a good deal is to be seen and done which recalls the palm days of Port Said, while the Canal was still impassable by night, and liners had to lie in the basin all day long. Greeks, Syrians, and Jews will be found at Ras-el-Bar from July to September, and they hardly make the place a heaven on earth.

In Syria all take to the Lebanon who can, and find their chief distraction in gazing down into the steaming, shimmering haze of the coast lands they have left. The go-ahead natives of Beirut and the Lebanon hotels for summer visitors, and provided music, cafes, and gaming tables to pass the time of the tourists and nothing for the beauties of mountain scenery.—D. G. Hogarth, in the London "Leader."

Mark Twain was always rather aggressively indifferent about dress, and at a very early date in our acquaintance Aldrich and I attempted his reform by clubbing to buy him a cravat. But he would not put away his stiff little black bow, and until he wore always a suit of black serge, the biggest and most powerful of the sagging frock. After his measure had once been taken he refused to make his clothes the occasion of personal interviews with his tailor; he sent the stuff by the kind elderly woman who had been in the service of the family from the earliest days of his marriage, and accepted the result without criticism. But the white serge was an inspiration which few men would have had the courage to get upon their feet.

The first time I saw him wear it was at the author's hearing before the Congressional Committee on Copyright in Washington. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the gesture with which he flung off his long loose overcoat and stood forth in white from his feet to the crown of his silvery head. It was a magnificent coup, and he dearly loved a coup; but the magnificent speech which he made, tearing to shreds the venerable fatrag of nonsense about non-property in ideas which had formed the basis of copyright legislation, made you forget even his spectacularity.

In his London sojourn he had formed the top-hat habit, and for a while he lounged splendidly up and down Fifth Avenue in that society emblem; but he seemed to tire of it, and to return kindly to the soft hat of his South-western tradition.—W. D. Howells, in "Harper's Monthly."

"You say you once had a home?" "Dat's what I had," answered Plodding Pete.

"Why didn't you do something to make your folks comfortable and happy?" "I did. I left."

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THE LURE OF LIFE.

SUMMER IN THE NEAR EAST.

In the East the summer sun is your enemy whom you shut out as far as may be while admitting the tireless sea-wind which always blows during some hours of the long day. But even the breeze cannot make the stretch from one o'clock to four more than tolerable, and you are fain to endure it in fitful slumber, arms and legs spread wide on the couch, so that skin may not touch skin. Such days, however, are well worth living through for the glory of the evenings and the hush of the nights, and, after all, it is in summer that you must visit the East. Mediterranean lands if you would see the peoples living their life, for then only all come out into the open, and congregate joyously in the common pleasure of relief from common discomfort.

There is more of Venice to be seen in the great Piazza of a summer night than you may watch at any other season, more of Athens in the Constitution Square or on the Piazza of Phaleron, more of Smyrna in the long quays of the Bosphorus.

These are, of course, seaside places, in which most of those who keep their household gods there find it tolerable to remain. But the more general habit of Near Easterners is to take to the hills in summer, for they count cool nights more worth than tepid ablutions in any "priestlike ocean."

There are, of course, unhappy Mediterranean lands which have either no hills to speak of or only such as are barren rock and sand. Egypt is one of these, and there all who cannot escape across the sea must make for its shores and lodge in hotels and villas among the dunes and palms of the Delta coast.

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OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

DAMASCUS.

The oldest city in the world is Damascus. Tyrus and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert; a "presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries.

It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city.

The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighbouring height and was afraid to enter because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to-day what Julian called the "Eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isalah, "the head of Syria."

In the Damascus came the damson, our big plumbe, and the delicious apricot of Portugal called Damascus damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia.

That beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called damascening—with which boxes, bureaux, and swords are ornamented, also came from Damascus.—"Liverpool Post."

When the Government of Mexico decided to drain Lake Texcoco, just east of the city, in order to lessen the danger of floods during the rainy season, and also to get at the rich soda deposits in the bed of the lake, it sounded the doom of one of the queerest and most ancient industries in the New World, that of catching flies for market.

Since the days of the Aztec lords of Mexico a small band of natives has made a comfortable living out of the business of supplying the canaries and other pet birds and fine poultry of the United States and Mexico with the delicacy of dry, salted flies. Now the lake is drying up, the flies have disappeared, and the birds are so hungry, and the fly-catchers have abandoned their pleasant vocation for the drudgery of digging soda from the bottom of a smelly lake.

Catching flies for market on the shores of Lake Texcoco has been a profitable industry since the days of the Aztecs. Until recent years the annual production of dried insects was measured by tons, and until this year was sufficient to afford a means of livelihood to a small colony of native fly-catchers.

These market-flies are a little smaller than the ordinary housefly preserved in the natural salts, they are found to be an excellent food for caged birds and chickens, and hundreds of sacks were shipped annually to bird-dealers in the United States and Germany.

The insects are caught in nets as they swarm near the lake's surface, killed by drowning in the water, and immediately spread out on sheets to dry. After this simple curing process they are sacked up, and are then ready for market.

Some are used in Mexico and the Republic but the excellent demand which has grown up for them in other countries within the last few years has greatly increased the price and lessened the local demand.

During the year 1909 more than £2000 worth were shipped to Europe alone.

The profession of fly-catching and fly-preserving has been handed down from father to son in a few families who have held a monopoly on the industry since the days of Netzabual coyotl, when that monarch signed a treaty with the Casique Chimalpopoca of Tenochtitlan whereby a number of Tencacs received a concession to gather flies in the former realm to feed the sacred quetzals in the great tecalli.—Letter from Mexico City.

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"Paregorics, my dear," corrected Miss Stratlace.

"It doesn't matter," retorted Mrs. M., "the words are anonymous."—"Stray Stories."

"I understand that she is separated from her husband?" "Yes."

"Oh, tell me all about it. What did she do?" "Nothing; he died."

Willie: "Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?" "We are organising a piano club, Mr. Flatfeigh. Will you join us?"

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BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA LYRE-BIRD.

Description.—Tail feathers of extraordinary length, and lyre-like, many devoid of hooklets; outer tail-feather white below, bars being chestnut; under tail coverts ashy; back ashy-brown. The female has a less singular tail.

Mr. A. J. Campbell gives the following interesting description of the vocal performances of the lyre-bird:

To prevent the rope being cut by the sharp rocks forming the edge a block of wood was rigged up over which the rope travelled. And as the parent birds are apt to swoop down and make things uncomfortable for the keepers, rifle in hand, was posted as guard. Dangling over an abyss nearly three times the altitude of St. Paul's cross was a novel sensation, but all would have gone well had not, at the last moment—when starting back after scurrying my two young eagles, who were already quite a formidable size—a too vigorous pull on the part of the men above wrenched the pole out of my hand and sent me swinging outwards. This caused the block over which the rope travelled to slip from its place and swinging helplessly about. As the men did not dare to pull me up I was so accurate that I can imitate the very sibilant vocalisation of any of its forest friends, whether the solemn "mo-poke" of the Owl, the coarse laugh-like notes of the Great Brown Kingfisher, or the higher pitched and more subdued notes of smaller birds. But the most extraordinary performance is the imitating, not a single bird, but a flock; therefore it has to produce duplex or double-sounding notes. I have heard it imitate simultaneous sounds exactly like the voices of a flock of Pennant Parrakeets rising from the scrub. It is equally at home with other familiar sounds: the grunting of the Native Bear, the barking of the selector's dog, the noise of the splitter's saw, the clinking of his axe against the metal wedge, all alike are perfectly reproduced in the throat of this most singular feathered mimic."

The nesting is peculiar to the bird. A heavy dome-shaped mass of strong twigs is placed on the ground, on a stump, or 15 feet up in the fork of a tree in the quiet of a glen. The inner part of the nest is made of fibres. The entrance overlooks a small expanse of air, so that the sitting hen may easily soar away from it. If the single egg in the nest is touched by a human being it is at once deserted, the case being a parallel one with that of the blue duck. The ground colour of the one egg may vary between purple and brown; the smudges and spots are much like the ground colour, but appear as if above and below the surface; texture of shell rough. Length, 2.5 inches; breadth, 1.5 inches. The period of incubation is 8 weeks.

MAGPIE-LARK. (Mud-Lark or Pe-wit.)

Description.—Breast, black; under parts pure white; upper parts, black and white; throat white in female black in male.

These beautiful little birds are found all over Australia. Their graceful movements and charming "pe-wit" is a welcome sound to our fruitgrowers and market gardeners. They not only destroy insect pests, but, like the heron, (or blue crane), they frequent creeks and swamps feeding for change of diet upon snails that are supposed to be the hosts of the "sheep fluke." The magpie-lark thus makes itself useful to our graziers and farmers in remote districts.

The nest is built of mud lined with grasses. It is found near the margin of the water snugly fixed upon the limb of a tree.

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A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A somewhat thrilling experience befell me some thirty-five years ago in Tyrol while attempting to rob a golden eagle's eyrie of its young. The nest was built in a cleft on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock nearly a thousand feet in height, about two hundred feet from the top. My eight companions—bravely woodcutters and keepers—were to lower me on a rope from the top, and, as the precipice was actually overhanging, I took with me a long pole with a hook at one end, by which I could draw myself in when I reached the level of the eyrie.

To prevent the rope being cut by the sharp rocks forming the edge a block of wood was rigged up over which the rope travelled. And as the parent birds are apt to swoop down and make things uncomfortable for the keepers, rifle in hand, was posted as guard. Dangling over an abyss nearly three times the altitude of St. Paul's cross was a novel sensation, but all would have gone well had not, at the last moment—when starting back after scurrying my two young eagles, who were already quite a formidable size—a too vigorous pull on the part of the men above wrenched the pole out of my hand and sent me swinging outwards. This caused the block over which the rope travelled to slip from its place and swinging helplessly about. As the men did not dare to pull me up I was so accurate that I can imitate the very sibilant vocalisation of any of its forest friends, whether the solemn "mo-poke" of the Owl, the coarse laugh-like notes of the Great Brown Kingfisher, or the higher pitched and more subdued notes of smaller birds. But the most extraordinary performance is the imitating, not a single bird, but a flock; therefore it has to produce duplex or double-sounding notes. I have heard it imitate simultaneous sounds exactly like the voices of a flock of Pennant Parrakeets rising from the scrub. It is equally at home with other familiar sounds: the grunting of the Native Bear, the barking of the selector's dog, the noise of the splitter's saw, the clinking of his axe against the metal wedge, all alike are perfectly reproduced in the throat of this most singular feathered mimic."

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THE DAY OF TEMPTATION.

A STORY OF TWO CITIES.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Author of "If Sinners Entice Thee," "A Secret Service," "Guilty Bonds," etc., etc., etc.

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PART I.

She laughed. 'I had reasons for not letting you know my real name,' she replied. 'It is true that I have money, but wealth has brought me no happiness, only sorrow, alas—until I met you.'

'And now you are happy?' he asked earnestly. 'Ah! yes, I am happy when you are beside me, Nino,' she responded, grasping his hand in hers. 'I never thought that I could learn to love you so. I am still nervous, still in dread, it is true. The reason of my fear is a strange one; I fear the future, and I fear myself.'

'Youself!' he echoed. 'You told me that once before—long ago. You are not very formidable.' 'Ah, no! I do not understand,' she cried hastily. 'I fear that I may not have the strength and courage to carry through a plan I have formed to secure your safety and my own liberty.'

'But I can assist you,' he suggested. 'Your interests are mine now, remember, he added, kissing her. 'Yes,' she said, looking up into his eyes. 'But to render me assistance is not possible. Any action on your part must necessarily imperil both of us. No, I must act alone.'

'When?' 'Very soon. In a few days, or a few weeks. When I know not. Very soon I must return to England.'

'To England?' he cried. 'I thought you preferred your own Italy!' 'I have an object in going back,' she answered anxiously. 'You'll let me accompany you?'

'You'll let me accompany you?' she asked. 'I don't know whether it is wise at this juncture for you to return to England, into the very midst of your enemies.'

'You haven't yet explained who my enemies are, beyond urging me to be wary of Malvano. True, that man has had me about you. He told me a silly, romantic, and wholly fictitious story regarding your parentage; but, after all, he may have been mistaken, especially as it was in answer to my inquiry whether he knew anyone named Taglietti in Florence.'

'Malvano was well aware that I had used that name more than once,' his well-beloved replied. 'He willfully deceived you for his own purpose. He wished to part us.'

'Why? Is he surely not in love with you?' 'Certainly not,' she answered, laughing at such an idea. 'His object was not so simple.'

'Then he is actually my enemy?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Avoid him. If you desire to return to England with me, I will allow you to do so with one stipulation. The moment we set foot in London we must part. If it were known that we were together, all my plans would be frustrated.'

'And I am to leave you to the mercy of these mysterious enemies of yours?' he observed dubiously. 'I have observed you for some time,' she said. 'It is imperative. You must leave London instantly, and go away into the country. Malvano must not know that you are in England. Go to your uncle's in Berkshire, and wait there until I can with safety communicate with you.'

'But all this is extraordinary,' he said, mystified, but taking from her hand the glass of wine she had poured out for him. 'I must confess myself still puzzled at finding you mistress of this magnificent place, and yet existing in a daily fear of mysterious enemies.' 'It is nothing of my connection with the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and only regarded her as a wealthy woman whose caprice it had been to man, her maid, and who had earned a wide reputation for gaiety and recklessness.'

'Some day, before long, you shall know the whole truth,' Nino, she assured him in deep earnestness. 'When you do you will be amazed—astounded, as others will be. I know I act strangely, without any apparent motive. I know you have heard evil of me on every hand, yet still trust me, and again she looked into his eyes. 'Yet you still love me.'

'Yes, I love you,' he answered, and she once again hid her face behind her hand as if she had been ashamed of her own feelings. 'You've again hid your face behind your hand, as if you were ashamed of your own feelings. Only when beside this man she loved remained, she was her real self, true, honest, loving, and tender-hearted. To the world outside she was compelled to wear the mask of a cold, sneering, crafty, and coquettish woman, the cunning and remorseless adventuress who had won such unenviable notoriety in the political circle at Rome and in Florence.'

'La Funaro is known by repute in every town throughout Italy,' she said, brokenly. 'My reputation is that of a vain coquettish woman without heart, without remorse. But you, Nino, when you know the truth, shall be my judge. Then you will know how I have suffered. The foul lies uttered on every side have cut me to the quick, but under compulsion I have remained silent. Soon, however, and her brilliant eyes seemed to flash with eagerness at the thought which crossed her mind, 'soon I shall release myself, and then you shall know everything—everything.'

'On that day perfect bliss will come to me,' he said fervently. 'I love you, Gemma, more deeply than ever man loved woman.'

'And I too, Nino, love you with all my heart, with all my soul.' Their lips met again in a fierce caress, their hearts clasped tightly. He looked into her clear eyes, bright with unshed tears, and saw fear and determination, truth and honesty mirrored therein. Her tiny hand trembled in his, and then for very joy she suddenly burst into a flood of emotion.

'When shall we leave for England?' he asked at last, his strong arm still about her waist. 'In a couple of days. I have only waited here for you to join me,' she said, drying her eyes. 'Life without you, Nino, is impossible.'

'So within a week we shall be in London.' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Soon, very soon I hope, I may be free. But I have a task before me; one that is difficult and desperate. In order to secure your safety and my own freedom from the hateful bonds which have fettered me these last two years I am compelled to resort to stratagem, to deception, to cunning, and the smallest revelation of which would wreck all our hopes.'

'How?' 'Exposure of my plans would cost me my life,' she answered, her face white and set, a shudder running through her slight frame. 'Your life?' he echoed, still mystified. 'One would think you feared assassination!'

'She made no answer, but pale to her lips she held her breath. The flunky in blue re-entered the room bearing a telegram upon a salver. His mistress took it and tearing open the folded pale drab paper, read its contents. 'No reply,' she said, and the man bowed, withdrew.

'Nino,' she exclaimed, in a voice of deep earnestness, when the servant had gone. 'You may think it extraordinary, but for your sake, because I love no other man but yourself, I have resolved to risk my life and free myself. This telegram makes it imperative that we should leave again for England to-night. You have shown trust in me, you do not believe all the idle tales gossips have uttered. I love you, Nino. If I prove untrue I gain your affection, and happiness always with you. If I lose, then I die, unwillingly, but nevertheless in the confidence that to the end you trusted me.'

'No, no,' he cried fiercely. 'You shall not die. You shall never be taken from me. I alone your Gemma. God knows I love you, darling!'

'Then you will never doubt me—never,' she cried, clinging closely to him, and raising her beautiful face to his. 'You will not doubt me even if, to gain my end, I feign love for another. To him, my kisses shall be Judas kisses, my smiles mockery, my lips venom, my embraces the chilling embrace of death. Heed me, Nino, and I shall be true to you. I will go to England with a purpose—a vendetta complete and terrible which I will accomplish by hatred—or failing that, by love. Both will be equally fatal.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE NIGHT WIND.

'You still wear your ring, I see,' Malvano exclaimed with a merry twinkle in his eyes one morning at fortnight later, while Gemma was sitting at breakfast at Lyddington with Nenci and his wife. The thin-faced, black-haired man had rejoined his wife suddenly a few days before, and since Gemma had returned they had formed quite a merry quartette. She had explained her sudden disappearance, and had concocted a clever story of complications regarding her estate to account for her journey to Italy. Both men, knowing she was 'wanted' by the Italian police, marvelled at her audacity in going back and her adroitness in evading arrest.

'I don't always wear the ring,' she answered raising her hand and contemplating it. 'Let me see it,' exclaimed Nenci, who was seated beside her. In response she handed it to him. It was unusually large for a lady, but of antique design. In the centre was a large oval turquoise around which were set two rows of diamonds, all of beautiful colour and lustre, while the gold which encircled the finger was much thicker than is usual, the whole forming a rather massive but extremely handsome ornament.

'Nenci hid it for a moment, admiring it with the eye of a connoisseur, for by trade he was a jeweller, although he had performed, among other duties, those of a waiter in a city restaurant. He declared at once that the diamonds were dirty beneath their settings, and rising from the table scrutinised it closely at the window. 'I'll clean it for you to-day, if you like,' he said when he returned to his seat. 'It is very dull and dusty.' She thanked him, and he placed it beside his plate.

'Ah!' exclaimed the doctor suddenly, with a glance full of meaning. 'That was the marriage ring, wasn't it?' Nenci glanced across at him quickly and frowned, a gesture of displeasure which Gemma failed to notice. 'Yes,' she answered, rather harshly. 'It was the marriage ring—if you like, to so term it. I scarcely ever wear it, because it brings back too many painful memories. The bond has been galling enough—Heaven knows!'

'I thought you had no remorse. You always declared you had none,' Nenci remarked. 'But since you've known that confounded lawyer of yours you've been a changed woman.'

'Changed for the better, I hope,' she retorted. 'Do you think it possible that I can wear that ring without remembering a certain night in Livorno—the night when all my evil fortune fell upon me?'

Nenci laughed superciliously. 'Come,' he said. 'You're growing sentimental. That's the worst of being loved. When a woman of genius loves she always throws common sense to the winds.'

'Her brows contracted for an instant, but too discreet to exhibit annoyance she merely joined in his laughter, and with skillful tact so characteristic of her, answered: 'Ah, my dear Lionello, you seem to have forgotten our old Tuscan saying: "L'amore avvicia gli uomini angli angli a Cielo; poiche il paradiso scende con l'amore in noi."

'She's had you there,' exclaimed the doctor, merrily. 'Gemma isn't the person upon whom to work off witticisms.' As he sat at table Malvano looked the very picture of good health and spirits, ruddy, well-shaven and spruce in his rough tweed riding-coat and gutters, for the roads being heavy and wet he had resolved to ride. Only the day previous he had been attending upon the customers at the Bonciani, his ears ever open, and arriving back at Lyddington by the last train from London he had been a long time closeted with Nenci, prior to going to bed. The two men had held a long conference, and the nature of which Gemma was unable to determine, but it was evident from her close observation of their demeanour that morning that they had resolved upon some line of immediate game.

La Funaro was now playing a dangerous game. Calm, silent, watchful, ever ready to listen to their nefarious plans, and even making suggestions of deeper cunning and a vengeance more terrible than had remained there acting a double part with a skill that few other women could accomplish. But her previous training in the wiles of diplomacy and espionage under the crafty, far-seeing Montelupo now held her in good stead. She could conceal all her woman's pity and forbearance, all her repentance at the terrible plans which were so calmly discussed, and with them grow enthusiastic at the thought of what was to follow. Hers was a strange personality, a curious blending of the grave with the gay. The mask she wore as a heartless, abandoned woman was absolutely without flaw.

That day Nenci spent most of his hours in the doctor's study, the room where no one else was allowed to enter. Sallow-faced, unshaven, half-bearded, he was so striking a figure that the doctor had advised him not to go into the village, as his presence would be at once remarked. Therefore, when Malvano was absent, he amused himself in chatting to the assistant at work making up mixtures in the dark little room beyond the surgery, in reading in the study, half laboratory, which Malvano reserved to himself, or in strolling about the extensive grounds walled in against the vulgar gaze.

Gemma that day idled over magazines and newspapers in the morning-room until luncheon, when the doctor came in, cold and half-finished, with an appetite which did justice to his truly British appearance. Afterwards she passed the afternoon in desultory gossip with Mrs. Nenci, while the two men smoked and smoked, and in the evening, when coffee was served in the drawing-room, she played and sang to the 'Duoque, Carne,' 'Surriento bello,' the humorous 'Don Savorio,' and other pieces, while Malvano, in his usually buoyant spirits, fetched his mandoline and accompanied her until the sweet music and the passionate words brought back each of them memories of their own fair far-off land.

About ten Mrs. Nenci and Gemma retired, and that night the woman, whom all Italy knew as 'La Funaro,' knelt in the silence of her chamber long and earnestly before her ivory crucifix, praying for courage for release. Meanwhile the two men proceeded to the doctor's study, turning the key in the door, and shutting the door behind them. The small place with its shutters closed and its light overpowered by pungent tapers, the centre table being laden with bottles, test-tubes, retorts, a crucible beneath which a small spirit lamp was burning, and a host of sundries which plainly showed that experiments were in progress. At the wall opposite was a side-table upon which a small vice had been fixed, while beside it lay several files and other tools of their craft.

Both men drew off their coats and turned up their shirt cuffs. Malvano turned his seat in the centre of his chemical appliances, while his companion commenced work at the small side-table.

Nenci was smoking a cigarette when they entered, but at sign from the doctor at once extinguished it. 'Have you given Gemma back her ring?' Malvano inquired, as they sat down to work. The reason the doctor always locked himself within that room was evident. He was making experiments in secret.

'Yes, I gave it her just before dinner,' the other answered. 'You cleaned it—eh?' the doctor said, with a grim smile. 'Yes,' the other replied briefly. 'It seems a pity—a great pity,' Malvano exclaimed in a tone of regret. 'Is there any other way?'

'None,' Nenci answered firmly. 'She knows too much. Besides, I have suspicions.' 'Of what?'

'That she may play us false,' the sallow-faced man replied. 'Remember, she still loves that man Armatage—the devil take him.'

'Well,' Malvano sighed. 'It's the only way I suppose, but it's hard—very hard on a woman whose life has been wrecked as hers has.'

'Misericordia! my dear fellow,' cried Nenci impatiently. 'Surely you won't turn chickenhearted after all this time. You've never shown the white feather yet.'

The doctor remained silent, and turning in his chair, bent over the small crucible beneath which the blue flame was burning, while his companion, casting a keen, half-suspicious glance in his direction, also turned to the small vice fixed to his table and commenced work.

A long time elapsed in almost complete silence, so intent were both on what they were doing. Once, only once, did Malvano refer again to the subject of Gemma's ring.

'Is she actually wearing it now?' he inquired. 'She did at dinner, I noticed,' Nenci answered. 'But whether she wears her rings at night I don't know,' he laughed.

'Isn't it—well—dangerous?' 'Dangerous? Not at all,' his companion replied impatiently. 'She suspects nothing, absolutely nothing.'

Again they lapsed into unbroken silence. Fully an hour went by when Nenci rising, still in his shirt sleeves, folded his arms, and exclaimed in a tone of satisfaction and confidence:— 'At last, my dear fellow, I've worked it out completely. Failure has

become absolutely impossible.' At an still seated in his chair, Malvano looked and contemplated with admiration the object which his companion had placed before him, an exquisite little marble bust of King Humbert of Italy. It was only about eighteen inches high, but a faithful and beautifully executed copy of that celebrated work by the renowned Florentine sculptor, Pontaccio, which is so prominent a figure in the centre of the great reception hall of the Quirinal at Rome. Plaster replicas of this bust can be bought everywhere throughout Italy for half a franc, and are to be found in most houses of the loyal, while larger ones stand in every court of justice. But this miniature reproduction of the great work is really an admirable work of art, one such as a connoisseur would admire.

Nenci had not chattered it, but had apparently been doing something to its small base of polished malachite. The hand that had succeeded in reproducing the features so exactly was without doubt a master's hand. On the table where the sallow-faced man had been working stood two other busts exactly similar in every detail, both in little cases of polished wood, lined with crimson velvet, and each bearing the royal monogram in gilt upon its base, exactly similar to the one in the Quirinal.

The excellent. The Gobbo has certainly turned them out marvellously well,' the doctor observed. 'He's a genius,' the other said enthusiastically. 'The reproduction is so exact that detection is absolutely impossible. Look!' and taking up a photograph of a miniature bust standing upon a carved shelf against a frescoed wall, they both compared it with the one before them. 'Do you see that small chip in the base?' Nenci said, pointing to the picture. 'The Gobbo has even reproduced that.'

'A wonderful piece of work,' Malvano acquiesced. 'Very neat, and very pretty.'

'After it leaves our hands it won't want many servants to keep it dusted! His companion observed grimly. You see the base is being circularly moved?' he asked, taking the little ornament in his hand. 'You twist it slightly so, and the thing is done. You see those two scratches across the stone. The base must be so turned as to join them. And then, to the very instant, well—and he broke off without concluding his sentence.

'It will strike the half hour, eh?' the doctor suggested with a laugh. 'The time has been fixed,' Nenci said, and he turned up his hand, showing his handiwork with the keenest satisfaction, he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and leaning against the mantelshelf gaily hummed the popular Neapolitan chorus—

Proche. Nanghete-nanghete-ntra. Manice? tu mare nu scoglio uca et a! tuare vovete a bereve uca. Nanghete-nanghete-ntra.

The doctor, with fingers stained yellow by the acids he had been mixing, the fumes of which filled the small den almost to suffocation, took up the beautiful little bust and examined its green polished base with critical eye, turning it over and over, and weighing it carefully in his hand.

'Devilish cunningly must be sacrificed,' he said. 'It's a pity it must be sacrificed. But I suppose it must.'

'We must complete our experiment, and ascertain that it actually strikes true. Is it quiet enough yet to try, do you think?'

Malvano rose. The trousers he wore were old and burned brown where corrosive liquids had fallen upon them, his hair was ruffled, and his face dirty, as if smoke-blackened.

'I hope the thing won't create too much fuss,' he said in an apprehensive tone. 'Leave all that to me,' his companion answered confidently, and taking the malachite base, revealing a cavity wherein rested a small square receptacle along and deep, something of the shape of a large-sized snuff-box. It was secured in its place by two springs which, when released, allowed the box to fall out. Taking it out and opening it, he said to his companion:

'Here you are. Fill it up with white arrange the tube.'

Then, while the doctor carefully filled the box with some grayish-white powder from a tiny green glass bottle on the table, Nenci took up a tube of thin glass about an inch long, one of two or three which Malvano had just filled with acid and hermetically sealed by the aid of his spirit lamp and blow-pipe. This he carefully inserted in the opening, afterwards replacing the closed box of gray compound, securing it deeply in its place by the two little steel springs.

Again he placed it upon the table, and retreating a few steps, stood admiring it.

'The reproductions are all absolutely perfect,' he observed. 'We've only now to prove that our calculations are correct. Come, let's go. If anybody comes they'll think you've been called out to some urgent case. Therefore we're safe enough.'

'Very well,' the doctor agreed, and both put on their coats and went out. Nenci with the bust covered carefully beneath the long ulster he assumed in the hall.

Noisily they let themselves out by the servants' entrance, crossed the large paved yard to the stables, and finding a spade, the doctor hid it beneath his overcoat. Then, crossing the lawn, they passed through a gap in the boundary fence, and were soon skirting a high hedge, proceeding towards the open park, crossing field after field, until about twenty minutes after they appeared at a lonely spot, the place where they halted was so dark that they could scarcely see one another, but the mossy, marshy ground was soft beneath their feet, therefore the doctor, knowing the country well, suggested that this was the spot where the experiment should take place. His companion at once acquiesced, and the doctor, speaking in a low undertone, drove his spade deep into the earth, and worked away digging a hole, although he could scarce see anything in that pitch darkness.

Presently Nenci, placing the bust upon the ground, boldly struck a match, and by its feeble light ascertained the depth of the hole. Malvano was

still working away, fearful lest they should be discovered, the perspiration dropping from his brow in great beads. 'Come. Then go. Make all haste, for every hour lost may place us in greater jeopardy. Remember that your early arrival in Rome is absolutely imperative.' She spoke authoritatively, and it was evident that they were not strangers.

'I shall not lose an instant,' answered the minister's private messenger. 'The contessa has no further commands?' he asked inquiringly. 'None,' she answered briefly. 'Arivederci!'

'Arivederci, signora contessa,' he replied, and a moment later Gemma found herself alone.

'God forgive me!' she murmured as she paced the room, wildly agitated. 'The only way—the only way! I have transgressed before man and before Heaven in order to free myself from this hateful tie of lions' sin; I have risked all in order to gain happiness with the man I love. And if I fail—' she paused, pale-faced, haggard-eyed, shuddering—if I fail,' she went on in a changed voice, 'then I must take my life.'

She threw herself into a chair before the fire, and was silent for a long time. The dressing-bell came, but she took no heed; she had no appetite. The crowded table d'hotel with its glare and colour and clatter jarred upon her highly-strung nerves. She had dined in the great gilded saloon the night before, and had resolved not to do so again. She would have a little soup and a cutlet brought to her room.

At that moment she was calmly, deliberately contemplating suicide. She sat in the low chair, her elbows on her knees, gazing gloomily into the fire. The loose gown of pale lilac silk with deep lace at the collar and cuffs suited her fair complexion admirably, although it imparted to her a wan appearance, and made her look older than she really was, while the tendrils of her red-brown hair, straying across her brow, gave her a wild, wailing look. Even as she sat, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, hers was still a countenance frail, childlike in its softness, purity, and innocence of expression, a face perfect in its symmetry, and one in which it was difficult to conceive that any evil could lurk.

The diamonds upon her fingers sparkling in the fitful firelight caught her gaze. She looked long and earnestly at the strange ring of turquoise and diamonds upon her right hand, and the sad memories it recalled caused her to sigh deeply, as they ever did. Again she remained plunged in a deep delusion of melancholy, until suddenly she was roused from her reverie by a loud knocking at her door, and her hotel number being shouted by the landlady's buttons.

'Gentleman wishes to see you, madam,' the youngest said, handing her another card.

She glanced quickly at the name, then rising slowly, answered— 'Show him up.'

Her breath seemed to catch in her throat, but to her cheeks there came a slight flush, whether of excitement or of anger it was difficult to determine. Her brows were knit, and as she glanced at herself in the mirror she felt dissatisfied with herself, because she knew she looked haggard and ugly.

As she turned away from the glass with a gesture of determination Frank Tristram entered.

'Well, she inquired, turning quickly upon him the moment they were alone. 'Why have you the audacity to seek me?'

'Hear me out, Gemma, before you grow angry,' he exclaimed, advancing towards her. 'I have come to crave your forgiveness, and I stand with bent head before her, motionless, penitent.'

'My forgiveness? You ask that, after your attempt to take my life?' he retorted. 'I was mad then,' he declared quickly. 'Forgive me. I ask your forgiveness in order that one you know may be made happy.'

'I don't understand you.' 'Carmenilla. I'm going to marry her,' he explained briefly.

'To marry Carmenilla!' she exclaimed, surprised. 'He told me that you forgive my madness that night,' he urged. 'Remember that both you and I are hemmed in by enemies on every side; that our interests are exactly identical. In return for your forgiveness I am ready to assist you in any way possible.'

'Her clear eyes rested upon him with unwavering gaze. 'And you ask my forgiveness,' she said in a tone of contempt at length. 'You—who murdered Vittoria—a helpless, friendless girl!'

'I—murdered her?' he cried uneasily with a look of abject terror. This denunciation was utterly unexpected. 'What made you suspect that?'

'To anyone who had knowledge of the facts it's quite plain,' she answered boldly. 'Ah! do not try to deceive me. The police were in ignorance; therefore they could have no clue, and could make no arrest. I, however, am aware of the reason poor Vittoria's life was taken; I know that her presence was detrimental to all our plans, and that she was enticed here, to London, in order that she might die. It is useless for you to protest your innocence to me. Her face was so hard, her eyes fixed immovably upon his, he struck beneath her searching glance, and stood before her with bent head in silence.

'You cannot deny that you had a hand in the crime?' she went on relentlessly. 'You, a murderer, ask my forgiveness?'

'Ah! Gemma,' he cried, hoarsely, 'forgive me! Then, without heeding the terrible denunciation she had levelled against him, continued: 'We have both suffered much, you and I. You perhaps more than myself, because you have earned ill repute, and been compelled to pose as an adventuress. But those who know you are well aware that you have always been an honest woman, that your so-called adventures have only been taken in order to act the ignoble part which you were compelled to act, and that you are in every way worthy the love of an upright man like Armatage. Forgive me!'

He urged in a low, intense voice, stretching his hand, 'Forgive me!'

'Her troubled breast heaved and fell. In that instant she remembered what the black-robed nuns had told her long ago. San Paolo della Croce, that the first step towards penitence was forgive-

ness. She looked straight into the face of the man before her for several moments in hesitation, then at last, in a low, faltering tone, said: 'The evil you tried to do me I forgive freely; but—but I cannot take the hand of a murderer,' and she turned away suddenly, her sliken gown sweeping past him where he stood.

'You will allow me to marry Carmenilla? You will not denounce me as one who tried to take your life?' he cried eagerly, following her a few paces. 'Your secret will be mine,' she answered coldly. 'I have forgotten, and bear you no malice.'

'She was standing beside the fire, once again idly contemplating her rings. The diamonds of the quint one with its turquoise centre seemed to glitter with extreme brilliance and with an evil glint that night.

The presently Tristram advanced swiftly, almost noiselessly, until he reached her side. Then again he proffered his hand, asking— 'May we not be friends?'

'We are no longer enemies,' she answered, disregarding his invitation to exchange the hand-clasp of friendship. 'This interview is painful,' she added. 'I have forgiven you. Surely that is sufficient?'

'I believed you to be my enemy—I thought you had denounced me to the police on that night when my mad passion got the mastery,' he said, apologetically. 'I assure you that I have deeply regretted it ever since.'

'It is past,' she said, in a chilly voice. 'To recall it is needless.'

After reflecting for some moments he commenced to protest his innocence of the crime she attributed to him, but with a gesture of impatience she held up both hands as if to shut out his presence from her gaze, and then slowly he left the room without further word.

Afterwards she stood, a slim, graceful figure, leaning upon the mantelshelf, gazing down into the fire. Now and then sighs escaped her, and a shudder ran over her, for her thoughts were still wild and morbid. She was debating whether death by her own hand was not preferable to the starting of a life she had been for the past two years compelled to lead; still in doubt as to whether at last she could secure happiness beside the young Englishman whom she loved with all her soul, for whom she had risked her life.

(To be Continued.)

SAWS WITHOUT TEETH.

An explanation of the manner in which a soft body, such as a piece of wood, can be cut out of a hard material, is given in a paper published by the Royal Society. The result of the experiment is that the wood is cut out of the material, and the material is cut out of the wood.

CAMERA AND SURGERY.

An apparatus has been invented in America by the use of which the scene of a surgical operation performed behind a screen can be thrown on the screen in natural colors. The apparatus is called a camera and is used in a similar manner to a camera.

SEASONS.

In the winter months the days are very short, and the nights are very long. This is due to the fact that the earth is tilted on its axis.

IN JOY AND SORROW.

On his long road he came I found a girl weeping, gazing from the ground. Let to the earth heaven's native land. Oh boy, boy!

THE MASTER'S LATE.

When the silly, snoring schoolboy is not working, when his tissues out of sequence are run, when a thought of idleness is in him lurking—The poor master's lot is not a happy one.

When the slacker of the slackers is not working, when he gives them lines, or when he gives them none—The poor master's lot is not a happy one.

When the Class persists in talking and in ragging, when they say it's only just their love of fun—The poor master's lot is not a happy one.

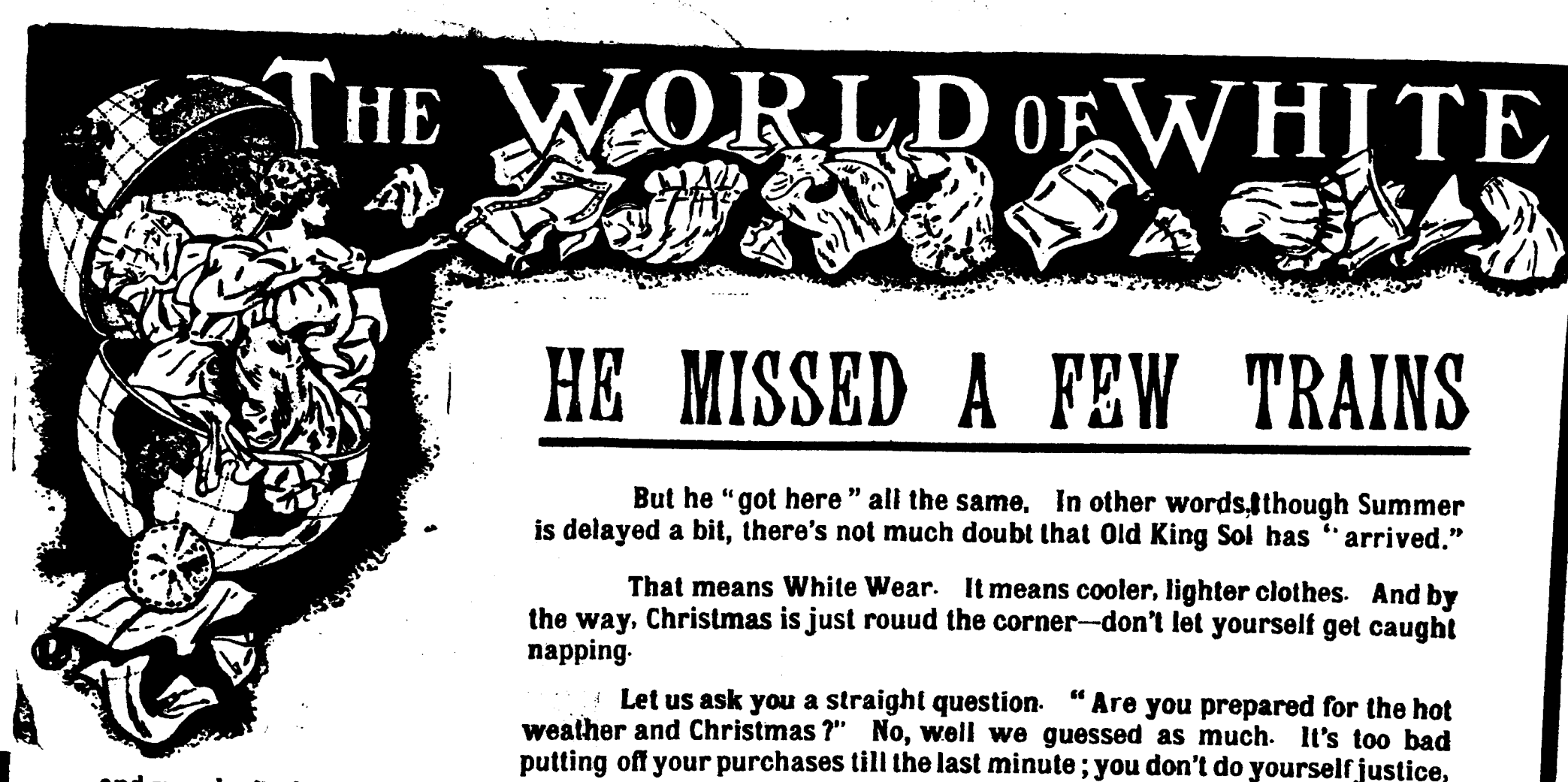
When his pupils are in any way rebelling, when he gives them lines, or when he gives them none—The poor master's lot is not a happy one.

Teacher: 'John, of what are your shoes made?' Boy: 'Of leather, sir.' Teacher: 'Where does leather come from?' Boy: 'From the hide of the ox.' Teacher: 'What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat?' Boy: 'My father.'

OVER THE BACK FENCE.

DAD AND THE OLD MAN DISCUSS TOPICAL SUBJECTS.

The misadventure was completely beating a carpenter and Dad lazily watching the capacious pockets of his molekinis, was poking of the proximity of the festive season. A peculiar plaintive whistle suddenly sounded from the neighboring back yard, and he knew the Old Man was on for an argument. "Suppose I had better go and talk to the old fool," he muttered laconically. "So you are having visitors for Christmas, was the Old Man's greeting. "Yes," sighed Dad, "but I don't know where we are going to put them all. I suppose I will have to go and sleep in the swillhouse, and give up the best bedroom to my maiden aunt. Why did I ever marry? Even Christmas is a source of crippling expense to the poor, married man. Oh, said the Old Man (quoting Ben Jonson) 'Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat.' Why don't you be an optimist? Think of the pleasure Christmas brings to other people. "Well," Dad retorted, "I suppose it does mean a lump of extra business to the storekeepers and the publicans; but they are not wage-earners—they are bloated capitalists. I often wonder why the moderns, with their wireless telegraphy and aviation, don't forget a silly old custom like the keeping up of Christmas. Anyway, it's time it was knocked on the head. "Bah!" exclaimed the Old Man, "you are like Charles Dickens' 'Old Scrooge'; you are too miserable to live. Why, my daughter is coming by in a month with eleven kids, and my eldest son is bringing five more, and I'm glad to see them; and here you are growling about one solitary maiden aunt! Why, I'm so proud to think that I am giving old Abraham a run for the biggest family that I would cheerfully sleep in the pig-sty to make room for them. "You are trying to pose," said Dad with a sneer, "as Hamerton's Francou Rude—"He never complained about the past, never uttered a vain regret. He considered those words idle and profane which mean the happiest Christmas they have ever experienced, and the brightest of New Years." The Old Man grasped the proffered paw and shook it heartily. "This is about the first time in our lives we have agreed upon anything," he said. "I went to the annual meeting of the Beaufort bush fire brigade the other night," said Dad, "and was very surprised on looking around the room to see there only one man who could be called a farmer. The farms of the others mostly consisted of a back-yard, a vegetable garden, and a cow. I wonder how it is the farmers are not sufficiently interested to attend a meeting of the outcrops, which vitally affects them. I'll bet they would worry if a bush fire licked up a few of their precious stacks, and there was no organized brigade to help them fight it. "Ah," said the Old Man, with the air of a sage, "that which is everybody's business is nobody's business." The farmers might find themselves like Ben Franklin's Poor Richard—"He that gatherth much must trod all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night"; or, to adapt the quotation to circumstance, "the cocky who loatheth a stack to a bushfire will have to gather his blazes next season, and at its end shall scarce overtake his loss. "Did you go to the Model Band concert the other night, Dad? "Yes," said the Old Man, "and I saw two gentlemen there who can nearly come up to Chung Ling Su in the conjuring business. "I'll back the Chinaman," thought Dad. "The conjurer Bret Harte sang truly when he sang, 'For tricks that are dark and ways that are vain, The heathen Chinese is peculiar.' "I'm back on the Chinaman," thought Dad. "The conjurer Bret Harte," said the Old Man impatiently, "I was going to tell you that I thought I recognized in those two conjurers two well-known commercial travellers. "You must have been taken," laughed Dad, "commercial travellers would not go conjuring at country concerts. They get too tired of conjuring with their customers to do it for pleasure. "I suppose things will be pretty lively on Sunday and Monday," said Dad meditatively. "Yes," replied the Old Man, "I reckon the Ballara Hospital will do well out of that Charity Sunday celebration. Ah, well, 'Charity, in whatever guise she appears, is the best natured and best complexioned thing in the world.' And the Boxing Day sports and band contests," he added, "weather permitting, are going to be a booming success too. More power to the Athletic Club, say I like Ben Johnson, 'I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice.' "I agree with you there," said Dad; "the coming sports and band contests are taking several men away from worldly affairs and making them most devout. The secretary and president of the Athletic Club and the lessees of the booths are praying earnestly for fine weather on Boxing Day. "Well," said the Old Man, "I hope they will prove to the atheistic efficacy of prayer, but I am very much afraid that it is a case of 'When the devil will the devil a monk would be; When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.' "I'll have to be moving," said Dad; "I have a painful duty to perform to-night; I have to execute and pluck the Christmas goose. "You are a lucky man to have a goose to kill," replied the Old Man. "We have to be content with beef, for the simple reason that the shire surfaceman shot all our geese the last time he was on the war-path."



THE WORLD OF WHITE HE MISSED A FEW TRAINS

But he "got here" all the same. In other words, though Summer is delayed a bit, there's not much doubt that Old King Sol has "arrived." That means White Wear. It means cooler, lighter clothes. And by the way, Christmas is just round the corner—don't let yourself get caught napping.

Let us ask you a straight question. "Are you prepared for the hot weather and Christmas?" No, well we guessed as much. It's too bad putting off your purchases till the last minute; you don't do yourself justice, and you don't give us a chance to look after you properly.

Come in now and see our huge Christmas stock. Perhaps you only want light summer clothes and drapery. Well, we're holding them for you. You know the sort we mean, those materials that keep the warm winds out—that don't cling to the skin, but just hang cool and "comfy."

Perhaps you want only Christmas supplies. Well, they're here, too—and such value! Look here, just call in right away and feast your eyes on our stock—it will gladden your heart when you realize that you will be able to do Christmas this year a lot better and a lot cheaper.

Now, don't put this down and say "I'll go in to-morrow!" To-morrow doesn't exist—it never did—come in to-day—while you've got the matter fresh in your mind—besides, if you get in early, you'll have a bigger selection to choose from.

WE'RE EXPECTING YOU!



LEXTON COMMON.

PROPOSAL TO CUT UP FOR SELECTION. At a meeting of the Lexton Shire Council on Wednesday, 14th inst., a petition signed by 25 ratepayers was presented, asking that steps be taken to abolish the Common and cut it up into 20-acre blocks for selection. Cr. Laidlaw moved, "That the application of the petitioners be supported." He remarked that what was now a useless and unproductive area would, by selection, be rendered useful and revenue-producing. Cr. Neil seconded the motion. Cr. Yates moved an amendment, "That only half the area be recommended for cutting into 20-acre blocks." They could see how the thing worked out, and if the result proved satisfactory the remainder could be thrown open. The amendment was seconded by Cr. McDonald and carried. "Courier."

SKIPTON.

Before Cr. A. R. Slater, J.P., at the local police court on Friday, Jas. Hornington was fined 10/- for drunkenness, and £2 or 14 days for insulting words when being arrested by Constable McDonald. The fines were paid by the farmer for whom Hornington was working, a fact that indicates pretty clearly the scarcity of labor in this district. Another inebriate (a stranger) was fined 5/-.

BEAUFORT BUSH FIRE BRIGADE.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade was held at the Shire Hall on Monday evening. Only five members were sufficiently interested to put in an appearance, and the chair was occupied by the captain, Mr. A. Nicholson. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. A letter was received from the Dookie Brigade, requesting co-operation in a movement to have smoking in the harvest field made an offence under law; also the sale of whisky during the summer months. The brigade was asked to request its district members of Parliament to assist in having the desired legislation placed on the statute books. The letter was received on the motion of Messrs J. P. Rogers and G. Topper, it being decided to take no action. Mr. Cochran reported as follows:—Gentlemen, I beg to submit to you my report of the financial position of the brigade, and its operations during the past twelve months. Your brigade was called out in reference to a call from Shirley where a fire broke out at Fern Tree Gully which was attended to by some of your officers purchased some rakes and other tools required for your brigade. Under the supervision of Mr. J. Wright, a hand saw has been put in good order for the working of our good reference to the financial position. In the year your brigade has suffered a severe loss of one of our oldest members in the late Mr. G. Topper, who took a deep interest in it, whose loss we tender our deepest sympathy; as we do in the case of the relatives of the late Lieut. L. Hains. The report was adopted on the motion of Messrs Topper and J. B. Cochran. The Captain also referred in terms of regret to the loss of Messrs G. Topper, senr., and L. Hains. The balance-sheet for the past year was adopted. The receipts amounted to £18 1/6 and the expenditure to £7 19/6, leaving a credit balance of £10 2/3. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Captain, Messrs W. H. Halpin and J. E. Rogers; Lieutenants, Messrs B. J. Davy and J. B. Cochran; Advisory Board (with officers), Messrs A. Parker and L. Liley; Treasurer, Mr. E. A. D. Sinclair; secretary, Mr. D. D. Cameron; collectors, Messrs D. D. Cameron and J. B. Cochran. The usual bonus of £3 was voted to the secretary. Mr. Cochran stated that he would give £1 towards the funds. The Captain stated that it would be necessary to have an increase in the funds this year, as the fire station would have to be shifted from its present site and erected somewhere else. After some discussion, the secretary and captain were empowered to wait upon the council at next meeting and ascertain whether the body would per-

BALLARAT LOCAL LAND BOARD.

Mr. C. J. Joy, local land officer, at Ballarat, on Thursday dealt with the following applications:—Parish of Beaufort.—C. E. Ball, allot. 6, sec. L, 3 acres.—Withdrawn. Parish of Raglan.—A. J. Boyd, allot. 19, sec. 1, 20 acres.—A. J. Boyd, allot. 19, sec. 1, 20 acres.—The license be declared expired, and that the land be made available for selection.

MINING NEWS.

The following are the local mining returns for the week ending Friday, December 23rd:—Beaufort Deep Leads, 5oz. 12dw. 21gr.; Dickman and party, 5oz. 16dw. 12gr.; sundries, 6oz. 6dw. 6gr. BOWEL COMPLAINTS IN CHILDREN. The most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints in children is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It can always be depended upon to cure Diarrhoea and Dysentery. This preparation has been in constant use nearly 40 years and has met with uniform success everywhere. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Beaufort.

VARICOSE VEINS CAN BE CURED

Since the perfecting of The Vecey Method of Treatment for Varicose Veins, operations for this complaint are sheer madness. The Vecey Method is absolutely painless and cures the worst cases in a few weeks. The treatment dissolves the congestion and restores the vein to a healthy state without discomfort to the patient. It has cured thousands and will cure you. There is no necessity to lay up whilst undergoing this treatment. Send 2/- stamp for Free Book and Full Particulars. The Vecey Ointment, 259a Linden Court, Sydney.

FEDERAL LAND TAX.

MELBOURNE, Friday, 16th Decr. The Acting Prime Minister (Mr. Hughes) referring to-day to the action of landowners in the Beaufort district in forming the secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club that they had decided not to forward their annual subscriptions this year, as they were afraid of the effect of the Federal Land Tax on their properties, said that this seemed very sorry and pettifogging. He ventured to say that no Australian sporting club would regret the withdrawal of donations in such circumstances, for if there is anything which less conforms to the idea of true sportsmanship he should be glad to know of it.

LANDOWNERS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO CLUBS.

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Department of Public Works, Melbourne, 14th December, 1910. COMMONWEALTH.

TENDERS will be received until Twelve o'clock on Thursday, the 5th January, 1911, for Repairs, Additions, etc. Post Office, Beaufort. Deposit, £1. Particulars and conditions may be learnt at this Office, and at the Police Station, Ararat, until December 26th, then at Police Station, Beaufort; also at Public Offices, Ballarat. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. W. L. BAILLIEU, Commissioner of Public Works.

THE public are notified by the Beaufort Butchers that there will be no delivery of Meat on Monday and Tuesday next, which will be closely observed as Xmas Holidays.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Notice is hereby given that the Shire Offices will be closed from Monday, 26th December, 1910, to Tuesday, 3rd January, 1911 (both days inclusive), Christmas and New Year Holidays. (By order), ALAN R. FORDYCE, Shire Secretary, Shire Offices, Beaufort, 15/12/10.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Notice is hereby given that the next Ordinary Meeting of the Council will be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1911.

CHARITY SUNDAY.

GRAND UNITED FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' CHARITY SERVICE. CHRISTMAS SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1910. The Beaufort Friendly Societies, assisted by the Local and Visiting Bands, will assemble at the Rotunda at 3.15 p.m. and march to the Park. Addresses by Rev. C. Neville, J. Barningham, and F. Stillwell. Grand United Choir under the conductorship of Mr. J. Jackson. COLLECTION in aid of BALLARAT DISTRICT HOSPITAL. J. FULLERTON, A.N.A., Sec. A. J. SAPH, M.U.I.O.F., Sec.

ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB.

ANNUAL CARNIVAL. NEW YEAR'S DAY, Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1911.

SPLENDID PROGRAMME of Pedestrian, Cycling, Wood-chopping, Fire Brigade, and Highland Events. Record Entries. To be concluded at night in Alexandra Park by a Grand Band Contest and Electric Biscuits. R. HARGREAVES JUNR., Secretary.

BEAUFORT GUN CLUB SHOOT (Open Event), BOXING MORNING, at 9.30 o'clock. 5 prizes, value £10 10/- Association Rules. Entries on the ground. T. E. SANDS, Promoter.

ANY person found removing firewood from a Challenged Station padlock without written permission from the Manager, will be prosecuted. LELLIE WALKER, Manager.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING AND BRASS BAND CONTESTS! Under Patronage of Victorian Athletic League and Victorian Band Association (Bicycle Race Unregistered). To be held in the BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE.

BOXING DAY, MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1910. £12 10/- IN PRIZES!

The Band Contests will be continued in the Park at Night. There will also be GRAND BISCUIT ENTERTAINMENT!

A March, entitled "The New Colonial" will be played by the whole of the bands in the Adjoining to SPORTS, 1/- to BAND CONTESTS. The ground will be cleared at 8.30 p.m., and re-admission must be paid for the evening's entertainment.

PROGRAMME.

BOYS' DISTRICTS SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTRACE, 100 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified to by head teacher. Prize, Gold Medal, value £1. Inscribed "Shire W. Championship Footrace." HANDICAP STAFF HURDLES, 130 yds. £27. 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. HANDICAP, 200 yds. £10. 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. FIFTY YARDS PLATE, Handicap, 50 yds. £10. 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. GRAND JUMP, 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. HANDICAP UNDER-HAND WOOD-CHOPPING CONTEST, 15 ft. green logs, 15 ft. 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP SHEAF-THROWING CONTEST, 1st, Trophy, value £1; 2nd, Trophy, value £1; both presented by Mr. A. T. Thompson, Jeweller, Ballarat East, and to be selected by winners. Post entry, £1. ONE-MILE BICYCLE RACE, £7 10/-, 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. BALMORALE BICYCLE RACE, £7 10/-, 1st, 45; 2nd, 42; and 25 to be divided amongst winners of each heat in which they are three competitors, not including the runner-up. £25 GRAND BAND CONTEST, C. GRADE. First Prize, 20 sovs.; Second, 15 sovs. Bands to consist of not less than 45 nor more than 20 performers; to play a Waltz and Selection of their own choice. Contest to take place during day and evening. Competing Bands to meet at Rotunda at 10.30 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. and march to Park at 11.0 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. respectively. Quickstep Contest, for C Grade. Own choice. PRIZE, £10. A. PARKER, Secretary.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT,

Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON. Agent for GEORGE HAQUE & Co. Melbourne and Geelong.

HAWKES BROS. FOR XMAS. PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS. LATEST DESIGNS in E.P. WARE. Vases, Cake Baskets, Butters, Jams, Hot Water Jugs & Kettles, Waiters, Teapots, Cases, Forks, Spoons, Perfume Bottles, Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, &c., &c. CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, & FANCY GOODS, in almost endless variety. GOODS of the BEST QUALITY at LOW PRICES. INSPECTION INVITED. See our Window display. Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

The Officers' Game of Draughts.

The following is probably one of the narrow escapes from death recorded for the life of a cobra is nearly always fatal. An Indian officer writes: I had an odd and rather terrible experience while playing a game of draughts with my regiment in an outlying district of Bengal.

There were only three of us in the bunch, the third being a young officer who sat by my side, and intently followed the game, until, at a critical period, when I had two chances and seemed puzzled to know which to take, he gave me a touch on the leg with his foot as if reminding me to be careful and take the right one.

I felt angry, so instead of taking the hint I gave him a sharp pinch in return with my foot, and took the wrong man off the board.

At last I was "cornered." I had two moves more, but it looked like certain defeat either way to me when I again felt that touch on my leg. Then I thought I must have a leg being again reminded; and I had. I could see it now, and I took it and won.

"It was lucky you gave me the hint," I whispered. "I was about to try the other move."

"I gave no hint that time, as you seemed angry before," said the officer.

"Well, I certainly felt you touch me." "No, I— But what's that?" he cried, starting up.

Somebody was slipping from under the table, its body clinging in the lamplight. I shrank back with horror. It was a large cobra.

I had taken the "hint" from it and was a bit more on my guard than it might have been had I resented it.

A SURPRISE FOR THE BRIDE-GROOM.

The groom entered alone and said confidentially: "I've used the word 'obey' in your marriage service, but I don't usually."

"Well," said the expectant bride, "I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it done."

"Certainly," replied the other. "It shall be done," and presently stood solemnly before him.

"I don't want this woman to be your wedded wife?" "I do."

"Do you absolutely promise to love, to honor, and obey her so long as you both shall live?"

WHOOPIING COUGH.

This disease is more likely to be contracted when a child has a cold. According to published statistics more deaths result from whooping cough than from scarlet fever, yet in all our experience we have never heard of a case that was not cured when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used.

"PLENTY OF TIME."

Recently a writer, while in a sarcastic vein, commented on the fact that all great practitioners in draughts and chess have been men.

CYNICAL SAYINGS.

Money may talk, but a cool million is cold and distant.

LEARNED BY YOUNG FRENCH WOMEN.

A French lady thus described the method by which many of her young countrywomen are being trained to become skillful housewives and cooks.

HAPPY THOUGH UNMARRIED.

"The best way to be a successful old maid," said an experienced member of the spinster sisterhood, "is to go into business."

DON'T WASTE TIME.

Some women mend garments after the period when they could be discarded and waste so much time and strength to save a few pence.

Unappreciated.

"So that's the oldest inhabitant— aze hundred and forty years old," said a tourist to a villager with whom he had struck up a conversation.

Overheard in Kennington.

"Yonder," said a man, pointing to a dwelling, "is the house in which I was born, and I lived on the first floor. At that time, the now popular actor, occupied the top rooms. I do not think he is a great artist; I regard him as a singularly fortunate man."

A REMINDER.

A CHAT ABOUT HOLIDAYS.

"By OBSERVER."

As the holiday season will soon be here, the question may be asked as to where and how to spend them; a satisfactory answer to such being somewhat difficult to give.

Other things, "every man in his own order." But to some there is the inability to get away for a holiday, the difficulty of leaving home or business, and with many, lack of means.

SHEARERS' QUARTERS.

MR. OMAN, M.L.A., CONSIDERS REASONABLE ACCOMMODATION SHOULD BE PROVIDED.

ERECTION OF COSTLY BUILDINGS UNCALLED FOR ON ESTATES TO BE SUBDIVIDED.

DISTRICT WOOL SALES.

HAMPDEN ELECTORATE.

W. S. SMITH.

J. C. LLOYD.

J. H. GAZZARD.

A MAN'S WONDERFUL LETTER.

Hundreds of Living Witnesses to the Value of A Nerve Remedy.

EVERY DAY I AM BUILDING BOTTLES.

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF BLACKSMITHING, WHEELWRIGHTING, AND COACHBUILDING.

J. A. HARRIS, CARRIER, BEAUFORT.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by W. G. HEARNE & Co., Ltd., Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES MORTGAGE CO. LTD.

WOOL WAREHOUSES, 573 to 579 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

WOOL AND GRAIN AUCTION SALES OF WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, TALLOW AND GRAIN WEEKLY.

HAVE YOU INDIGESTION? HAVE YOU SICK HEADACHES? Take Beecham's Pills.

HAMPDEN ELECTORATE. SELECTING A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

W. S. SMITH DESIRES to intimate to the residents of Beaufort that he has purchased the BEAUFORT BAKERY.

A MAN'S WONDERFUL LETTER. Hundreds of Living Witnesses to the Value of A Nerve Remedy.

EVERY DAY I AM BUILDING BOTTLES. EVERY DEPARTMENT OF BLACKSMITHING, WHEELWRIGHTING, AND COACHBUILDING.

J. A. HARRIS, CARRIER, BEAUFORT.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO MAKE YOUR WILL.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

TRAFALGAR.

TRAFALGAR is five years old. Fat black; 14 hands; thick-set; and a good worker.

Published by the Proprietor ARTHUR PARKER at the office of The Riponshire Advocate, newspaper, Lawrencetown Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1782.

Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1910.

PRICE THREEPENCE

ORDINARY TELEGRAMS

... (Detailed list of telegrams and rates) ...

BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

We are indebted to Mr. J. McKelch for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1899.

Jan.	181.13	255.80	101.46	107.91	81.61	80.21
Feb.	107.37	188.15	149.79	90.87	59.18	187.17
Mar.	232.46	141.12	140.66	114.44	58.89	182.25
Apr.	105.41	151.94	229.30	333.34	205.36	375.75
May	414.00	360.81	404.28	339.12	125.69	238.28
June	100.10	103.65	100.55	105.31	107.13	136.34
July	277.40	289.19	117.25	150.19	197.30	240.67
Aug.	189.27	140.25	107.13	103.33	101.11	114.34
Sept.	181.13	101.11	120.26	208.97	145.31	101.11
Oct.	181.13	101.11	120.26	208.97	145.31	101.11
Nov.	181.13	101.11	120.26	208.97	145.31	101.11
Dec.	181.13	101.11	120.26	208.97	145.31	101.11

Make your District Known.

Concerning some parts of the district news comes but seldom. This is not entirely our fault; we have no miraculous power of knowing what is happening at all the places within our area of circulation. It is the fault of residents in the distant places.

Too Well Known to Need an "Ad."

This idea that you have lived so long in town that everybody knows you and you don't need to advertise is a mistake. This very indifference to advertising, indifference to doing business as it is done in this day and age, is what has enabled the catalogue or mail order houses to grow from mere nothing to great concerns.

KEATING'S POWDER DESTROYS BUGS.

... (Advertisement for Keating's Powder) ...

CLARKE'S B. 41 PILLS.

... (Advertisement for Clarke's B. 41 Pills) ...

RATES OF COMMISSION.

Money Orders Payable in the Commonwealth.—Any sum not over £5, 6s. 6d. but not over £10, 1s. 6d.; over £10, but not over £20, 2s. 6d.; over £20, but not over £50, 4s. 6d.; over £50, but not over £100, 6s. 6d.; over £100, 8s. 6d.

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CLARKE'S B. 41 PILLS.

... (Advertisement for Clarke's B. 41 Pills) ...

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famous Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is today more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood

THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For SCROFULA, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM, BAD LEGS, BLOTCHES, ACNE, BLOOD POISON, BLACKHEADS, SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES, PIMPLES, OF ALL KINDS, IT IS A SAFE AND PERMANENT REMEDY.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr. F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes: "Just a line in favour of your 'Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to you for your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr. W. G. Weston, care of Messrs. Knott, of 40, Essex Street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes: "I am a grateful debtor to you for the benefit of your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' in curing my skin trouble. I had been suffering from eczema for several years, and had been advised to try many remedies, but without success. I then tried your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' and after a few days I felt a great relief. After a few more days I was completely cured, and my skin was as good as new. I am very pleased to tell you of my cure, and am sure that your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' is a most valuable remedy for such a small price. I would be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case.—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSSES.

Mr. James Waring, of Clay Court Lodge, near Rugby, writes: "I had with great pleasure derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' for a long time. I suffered with bad legs and abscesses, and had been advised to try many remedies, but without success. I then tried your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' and after a few days I felt a great relief. After a few more days I was completely cured, and my legs were as good as new. I am very pleased to tell you of my cure, and am sure that your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' is a most valuable remedy for such a small price. I would be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case.—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.

We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have derived from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which is a curative agent and a blood purifier. It is a most valuable remedy for such a small price. I would be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case.—Oct. 15, 1903.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Useful and Inexpensive XMAS GIFTS.

FANCY DEPT. NOVELTIES. MOROCCO PEGGY BAGS, leather lined, with purse, size 7 in. x 4 in. 8/6; 8 in. x 5 in. 9/6; 9 in. x 6 in. 10/6.

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT

Bourke Street, Melbourne.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway timetable:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.25 a.m., Travalla at 12.10 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.15, and taking its departure at 12.27. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.49, and Bunagar at 12.58. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m., Beaufort at 8.35 (arriving here at 8.30), and the return journey to Melbourne (Monday, excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.29 a.m. (arriving at 6.24). The afternoon mixed train from Beaufort to Bunagar at 4.49 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.58, Beaufort at 5.28 (arriving here at 5.22), Travalla at 5.39, and Burreumbet at 6.55. Mixed trains will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 5.10 a.m. (leaving Beaufort at 6.30) and 5.15 p.m., Burreumbet at 6.10, Travalla at 6.21, Beaufort at 6.50 (arriving here at 6.44), Middle Creek at 7.18, and Bunagar at 7.30. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. (arriving here at 6.15 a.m.), and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Bunagar, 7.53; Middle Creek, 8.4; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Travalla, 8.48; Burreumbet, 9.12. The 8.25 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat departs from Beaufort at 11.18 p.m.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

RAILWAY.	Closing Time.
Daily.	a.m. p.m.
Melbourne	8 and 4.50
Ballarat	8 and 4.50
Geelong	8 and 4.50
Travalla	8 and 4.50

Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their medicinal value over the above-named complaints. Frootoids are a pleasant and palatable, more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging the system and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feeling, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested. Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. Frootoids act splendidly on the liver, a dose taken at bed-time, once a week, is usually beneficial. A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids, and on the following day abstain from any food that is not easily digested. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines. Price 1/6. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. G. Heurne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT depends chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative, but each, while aiming at the success of the promoter, must offer certain returns to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides. Therefore, the support of local industry and local enterprise is the basis of the prosperity of a district. It is the duty of every citizen to support local enterprise and industry, and to encourage the growth of local enterprise and industry. The Riponshire Advocate is a newspaper that is published for the benefit of the community, and it is the duty of every citizen to support the Riponshire Advocate. The Riponshire Advocate is a newspaper that is published for the benefit of the community, and it is the duty of every citizen to support the Riponshire Advocate.

STEVENSONS BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

BEAUVILLE STREET, BEAUFORT.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY CURES COUGHS COLDS AND INFLUENZA.

ONLY NEWSPAPER That is the Advertising Medium for all Contractors, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon, and is the only newspaper published within the boundaries of the Shire.

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND SUBSCRIBE TO THE LOCAL PAPER, THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

We ask that our efforts for the district's good shall be recognised. An increased circulation means still greater usefulness on our part. When a neighbour or friend asks for the loan of the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of 3/- per Quarter it is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

The Man Who Does Not Advertise.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead That to himself he hath not said, "My trade of late is getting bad, 'I'll try another ten-inch ad." If such there be, go mark him well— No angel watch the golden door— No angel watch the golden door— To welcome home a millionaire.

14-Column Supplement.

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

Plain and Ornamental JOB PRINTING.

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

ALWAYS PAYS.

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN SUPPLEMENT.

Containing an Interesting Serial Tale, Antiquarian Anecdotes, Pastoral News, Agricultural Intelligence, Recipes, Gardening Items, Etc., Etc., Etc.

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HESITATION!

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I grant you that I ought to wed; I draw a comfortable wage, And thining patches on my head...

I freely own that married life Exhales a certain solid charm, And that a careful little wife...

I certainly agree with you That women are not hard to please A theatre, a dance or two...

I quite admit your argument; I'm not an unresponsive stone, When youth's wild glamour-time is spent...

THE DRUG HABIT.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCES.

"The chief characteristic of the drugtaker, after his physical weakness, is his intense craftiness and cunning..."

"I have dealt with nearly a hundred and fifty bad cases, besides many others of lesser degree, and I have met with instances of cunning to get the drugs wanted..."

"For years, in a big sanatorium, the doctor kept his patients under close supervision, and was thus able of many cases, to give me a few which will serve to illustrate the cunning of the drug habit..."

"One cocaine victim was admitted for treatment, and when a more or less normal stage had arrived I asked him how he had been able to obtain so large quantities of the drug..."

"Another case I had was that of a man who cleverly concealed his morphia tablets in a sham fountain-pen. I could not find out for a long time where he got his supplies from..."

A CLEVER MANIAC.

"It would take the acumen of a Sherlock Holmes to detect some of the tricks resorted to. I remember once being completely fooled by a clever maniac. For days I could not find out how he managed to get his extra doses, and at last I threatened him..."

"Another patient who puzzled him for some time, and his secret store was only discovered accidentally. Being in the garden one day, the doctor heard a window thrown open, and then saw the hand of a patient carefully feel under the window-sill for something..."

"Men are the craftiest, I believe, though women sometimes display much trickery. I have known the padding of coats and habits to be the hiding-place of drugs, the artificial pins of the hair have been utilised, it is often secreted in their stockings, whilst the pen and pencil dodges are frequent..."

"There is no stopping these people when the craving comes on. They are up to all sorts of things—anything short of murder..."

DOCTOR'S NARROW ESCAPES.

Of narrow escapes from these morphia victims the doctor has had plenty. One most interesting case, which raises a psychological question, he gave in conclusion. One afternoon he was standing on the verandah adjoining the dining-room, looking through the French window into the apartment, lost in thought, gazing abstractedly at the table newly laid for a meal...

Suddenly it seemed as if both his shoulders were gripped by two powerful hands, and he was involuntarily swung to the right-about. The sight which met him on this most unnatural action turned him cold. Right in front of him, with eyes blazing murder, was one of his morphia patients, with a gardener's axe over his shoulder ready to strike!

He looked at the man as squarely as he could, and the would-be murderer seemed paralysed. He dropped the weapon and went away. A day or so afterwards the drug victim explained quite rationally that he had seen the axe lying on the ground—where the gardener had left it—and picked it up with the intention of putting it away in the shed. He confessed that some power took hold of him when he saw the doctor, and he came over to kill him—"Pall Mall Gazette."

MADE EASY.

The diffident young man had wanted to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject, and sought information from men who had had experience, but while the theories were admirable in every instance, he found to his sorrow that the practice thereof was quite a different thing.

He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace. Then he walked on with her and the shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was as ready as before.

"See if you can't tie a knot that will stick," she said, as he worked away at it.

He looked up at her tenderly. His chance had come. "If I can't, I said."

"Do you want him to tie it?" she asked, coquettishly.

"Yes," he replied.

She jerked away her foot.

"It's the minister," he said, and he smiled to himself as he finished the work. It was easy after that, and the banners were proclaimed on the three following Sundays.

AT THE WAR OFFICE.

One day a War Office official happened to be passing through one of his departments. There he saw a man standing before the fire reading a newspaper. Hours after, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended, before the same fire, still buried in the columns of a newspaper.

"Halloa, sir!" cried the indignant head of the department, "what are you doing?"

"Can't you see what I'm doing?" was the answer.

"Sir, I came through this office four hours ago and found you reading the paper; I return and you are still wasting your time in the same manner."

"Very true; you have stated the case to a nicety."

Hereupon the head of the department naturally fired up. "What is your name, sir?" he said.

"Well, I don't know that my name is any affair of yours. What is your name?"

"Sir, I would have you to know that I am General Blank!"

"Indeed! Well, I am very glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public, who has been kept waiting here for hours for an answer to a simple question, and I shall be much obliged if you will use your influence to get me attended to."

John D. Crimmins, at a St. Patrick's Day dinner, was praising the good that Irish stock had worked in America.

"The proof of this good," said Mr. Crimmins, with a smile, "is as strong as the proof of Dawson's marriage."

"A man you know asked another man if Dawson was a Benedict or a bachelor."

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know Dawson, so I can't say positively; but last Sunday morning I saw him pushing a baby-carriage, with a woman on either side of him, and as I passed the younger woman said: 'You brute! You've been like that twice this week. You can't deny it.' And then the older woman, who looked like the younger one's mother, exclaimed: 'Lizzie, you don't make him put another thousand on his life before his liver's altogether gone you're a bigger fool than I took you for.'"

She: "Short stories seem quite the thing just now."

He: "I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet stops and tells me how short he is."

LADIES' COLUMN.

CHILD'S CAP-STRINGS.

The careful mother always makes several pairs of strings for baby's cap. These she hems at their unfinished ends after their embroidered ends are worked.

They are not sewed to the cap, but are pinned to its sides with small safety pins, so that they are removable after each wearing.

SMART SPRING COSTUME.



The Rosstrevor Costume.

One of the newest styles of spring costumes cut with the short coat which is at present much worn and is likely to retain its popularity during the summer. Plain serge, striped tweed, flannel, with linen or drill reproduction, also tussore or foulard with the costume stripes, as facings for collar and cuffs. The skirt is cut in a plain five-gore shape with lapped front and back panels. The placket opening is made at the side of front, and is closed with patent press studs. Slight fullness at the centre front of coat gives a suggestion of the Russian mode, and a band of material with edges turned in over canvas and machine stitched round front and fastens with a button and buttonhole, a similar band being carried across the back. The coat fastening is made with hooks and eyes, or worked loops placed invisibly to the waist. Lining is cut by same pattern, but stitched up separately and afterwards hemmed in. Sleeves are coat shaped, and cuffs (also square collar) with underparts of the material, with interlinings of canvas, and tussore or foulard facing is slipstitched on. Seven yards of 48-in. material, 2 of a yard of double, 2 yards of Italian cloth or four-double-width satin for lining.

It is customary on entering a house to slip off their wooden shoes. Visitors are greatly mystified, and not a little amused, to see rows of sabots outside every door.

A Dutchman would rather face battle, murder, or sudden death with his shoes on inside his house. It would not be tolerated for a moment. Outside the church on Sunday, during service, shoes overflow from the porch into the grounds. It speaks well for the good behaviour of the Dutch boys that they are never interfered with. To an English boy the sight would be irresistible. He would look upon their presence there as an absolute entreaty to go and muddle them up or hide a few. Such outrages have been perpetrated, and sometimes the shoes have been carefully filled with water, but the Dutch boy was guiltless. It was the irrepressible tourist.

Nowhere but in quaint, sleepy Holland will such fascinating garments be seen fluttering from the lines on the sea front. Patches galore, and of every conceivable hue, adorn every article. Artists chaffer and bargain for these picturesque garments, and the Dutch fishwife usually scores.

Becoming enamoured of a much-patched red flannel shirt, an artist sought the owner out, and asked the price.

"Ten guilders—about 17s.—was the startling response. After haggling some time, negotiations were broken off, and the artist retired discomfited to the hotel.

Hurriedly marshalling all her male relations, the fishwife renewed the attack. They come in a holy, and finally offered the garment for a half-guilder, apologising by saying that they had been unable to understand him.

There is, of course, a picture gallery in Volendam. It is in the mookerom of the Hotel Spaander, to many an every artist who stays at the Spaander to contribute a picture to mine host's collection.

Mr. Clausen initiated the custom when he was there in 1878. Now there are a couple of hundred pictures hanging on the walls of this quaint little Dutch hotel.

The collection is worth money, but although the landlord has been offered tempting sums for some of the pictures, he declines to part with them. He holds them in trust for his native Volendam.—Araquella Hagen, in the "Express."

THE CAPTAIN'S ANSWER.

"Captain, don't you ever get homesick?" asked a fair passenger of the skipper of a liner.

"Why, no, bless your heart, missy. I'm never home long enough."

Now what precisely did he mean?

HOW LONG GIRLS SHOULD BE COURTED—just the same as short ones.

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VOLENDAM.

THE ARTIST'S MECCA.

The little Dutch town of Volendam was made and designed expressly for the artist. It is a living picture-book, full of the most charming pictures—quaint Dutch people in quaint Dutch costumes, animals that might have come out of Noah's ark, and houses and trees that might have come out of a toy shop.

Though only ten or twelve miles from Amsterdam, many people to whom Holland is well known entirely overlook Volendam. It is not on the map, and there is very little mention of it in "Baedeker." But to artists it is so well known and so often visited as to be a veritable artist Mecca. For an artist to go to Holland and not see Volendam is an offence, a crime.

Volendam is twelve miles outside Amsterdam. It is reached in two stages from Amsterdam. The first, to Edam, is accomplished by a steam tram, which whisks you along at quite three miles an hour. From Edam to Volendam the journey is accomplished by boat, and is really delightful. The silence is broken only by the swish of water as it laps the side of the boat, or the rustling whisper of rushes as the boat cuts its way through the tall reeds and water-grasses that line the water-way.

Along the towing path, dotted with ridiculous little pollard willows that stand like so many sentinels, trots the man who hauls the boat three miles for the magnificent remuneration of twopence per passenger.

Volendam boasts of one long street which winds along the top and side of a dyke that serves the dual purpose of keeping out the wind and the restless grey waters of the Zuider Zee. Subjects for pictures are so numerous as to cause bewilderment—quaint, brilliant-coloured houses, crazy bridges, red-tiled roofs, and delicate chimneys, the reflection of the turbid waters of the tiny harbor, which at the end of the week or in stormy weather is crowded with cumbersome Dutch fishing boats. The brown nets and dark crimson swilling sails, flung in relief against the sky, make a break in the prevailing grey tones.

The absence of hills might easily lead one to imagine that landscape subjects would be monotonous. Not so, for there are miles of meadow lands intersected by canals, all aglint with golden king-cups or purple with a kind of daisy that grows in vast quantities, and gives huge splashes of colour that is never met with elsewhere.

But it is in the people that the artist revels. On saint days and Sundays the Duchman and vrouw are a sight to behold. He is in wide, voluminous trousers and rose-coloured vest, lambskin hat, and wooden sabots. The woman effect wondrously to whom an eternally grateful gave me permission to camp by one of his game coverts. I purchased a small tent, a tarpaulin to sleep upon and a few necessary utensils at a total cost of something less than £5.

I do not propose to dwell upon my camping arrangements. I must say, however, that to a gamekeeper who kept an eye generally on my belongings, I was indebted for much interesting information imparted while he smoked an evening pipe at the door of my tent, or while I accompanied him on his rounds.

The obvious remedy, which it took me so long to devise, was a camp among the birds.

Having conceived this idea, I proceeded to act on it at once. A friend to whom I am eternally grateful gave me permission to camp by one of his game coverts. I purchased a small tent, a tarpaulin to sleep upon and a few necessary utensils at a total cost of something less than £5.

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BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

PROTECTION OF BIRD LIFE.

"The State schools were recently visited by bird lovers, who made a special appeal to the scholars to protect the bird life of Australia. The movement was started last year, and an association known as the Gould League of Bird Lovers was established on the lines of the Audubon societies of America. A large number of members were enrolled, and the Victorian League now comprises about 50,000 members."

The above telegram in the "Miner" last week must have been good reading to bird lovers. The wholesale slaughter of some of our most beautiful and useful birds is a matter calling for more drastic measures.

Hundreds of robin redbreasts are slaughtered annually, the sole reason for this wanton destruction being that they command a price as trimming for hats. It seems useless appealing to women, for one woman who resolutely refuses to wear birds in her hat there are dozens who say "if I don't wear it some one else will, and after all the bird is dead, it won't come to life again if I refuse to wear it, etc." The only real remedy is to make it an offence to be found in possession of the bodies, or portion of the bodies of certain birds. When woman knows that she is likely to have her best hat confiscated she will think twice before she decks her head-gear with a slaughtered robin or blue wren.

I was generally free at about half-past five in the afternoons, but I grudgingly the time wasted in reaching and returning from my favourite haunts.

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Having conceived this idea, I proceeded to act on it at once. A friend to whom I am eternally grateful gave me permission to camp by one of his game coverts. I purchased a small tent, a tarpaulin to sleep upon and a few necessary utensils at a total cost of something less than £5.

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John Ellis, who was turned "a vic... party man," was once employed...

"We understand, Mr. Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters..."

"Not in the least," said Ellis. "No! Why, how do you account for it?"

SUCH WIVES MAY RULE.

Women who aspire to control the husbands should remember that the men who are most thoroughly under the influence of their wives are generally those who least suspect it.

APHORISMS ABOUT MONEY.

Money, "the root of all evil," as it has been called, is the subject of the following sayings, selected from the works of great writers:

A SMALL BOY'S OPINION OF GIRLS.

"Girls," remarked the small boy in his composition upon the subject, "is several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can behave like several thousand girls."

Cause for Alarm.

"I suppose you visited all the points of interest while you were abroad," said one woman to another.

The world is full of hopeless failures that could have been successful had they devoted to work one-half the energy devoted to complaining.

They say that a woman and music should never be parted.

Most men would be good if they lived in monasteries.

Light-hearted people are always on the lookout for sunshine.

Please see that we are called in time to catch the nine o'clock train in the morning," said a man to the "boots" at an hotel.

That will give you time for breakfast."

"My good man," responded the waiter, "that won't do. Make it ten o'clock, and then my wife will have time to dress."

A political speaker had utterly bored his audience. Suddenly a man at the back of the hall gave a life-like imitation of a donkey.

The audience laughed.

"Who braved there?" asked the speaker.

GAPRIGIOUS WOMEN TEST A MAN'S PATIENCE.

There are limits to the patience and endurance, and to the blindness also, of even the most tolerant and generous of men; and what at first appears entirely charming will, says a writer in the "Scrap Book," at last reveal when it is understood, and when it is stripped of its disguises, and when it stands forth in the disillusioned mind as the most wanton selfishness—hideous and heartless.

A man may love a woman very dearly; but if, after he has studied all her tastes and has done his best to please her, and has sacrificed his own interests right and left, and comes to her with a hope that he has deserved a moment's happiness, and then discovers that her whole attitude has changed, and that the very things for which she wished a little while before are now the very things that she dislikes to think about, he cannot help a feeling of disappointment, but which, when it has been many times repeated, will become inevitably a feeling of disgust and disillusion.

When he is blamed for doing the things that he was asked to do, and is pettishly repulsed for not understanding through some miraculous vision in just what particular direction the ever-present capriciousness of the woman will lead him, he will be disheartened and discouraged, and will not be able to give pleasure even to the most intuitive and the most devoted.

Hard Luck.

He held his elbows pressed close to his sides, his open hands were stretched out straight in front of him, and he was regarding them intently.

The conductor stopped the car for him, and as he watched him ascend the steps carefully, he wondered why some people had to suffer so in this world.

By-and-by he went up for the fares. "Scuse me, old chap," said the man with the outstretched hands, "sorry to bother you, but you might take your fare out of my ticket pocket, will you?"

"Thanks," said the passenger, "you're a good sort. I say, I wonder if you could do me another good turn? There's a tacy and cigarette papers in my pocket, and I'm pining for a smoke. Would you mind doing the needful?"

"Must be an awful affliction," he said, as he rolled the cigarette. "How do you address at nights?"

"Oh, nothing to do with me, of course; but do you have to get people to feed you? And then about blowing your nose? My word, but it must be awful. Had it from birth?"

"Have I had what from birth?" "Your infirmity?" "But what's the matter with your arms? You don't mean to say that you've been making a fool of me that you can use 'em?"

TWO MEN IN A GROCER'S SHOP.

The Baboon and the Sovereign. Some time ago a Carnarvonshire farmer having successfully garnered his crops, told his two farm hands the could have a day off, and gave them sovereign with which to enjoy their selves at the Pwllheli Fair some few miles away.

In high glee the two started off, and this was the first occasion on which they had had an opportunity of attending a fair. Before entering the town they called at a small wayside shop in order to get change for the sovereign in case of getting separate in the crowd.

Now it happened that the owner of the shop had recently been presented by a seafaring friend with a large tame baboon, or, as the natives call it, a "barboo," and when the farm hand entered the shop the baboon stood behind the counter alone.

"Presenting the sovereign in all its accehcy, he asked for change. The barboo took up the coin, tried it between his teeth as he had done before, and dropped it into a tin through a slit in the counter.

"Oh, it's a good one," exclaimed the countryman, "my master only gave it to me this morning."

The barboo made no attempt at handing over the required change, so after waiting patiently a short time the countryman asked when he was going to get his change.

For answer he immediately got a grimace, and becoming exasperated gave the barboo a cuff on the side of the face as an intimation that he was not to be trifled with.

The effect was electrical, for the luckless countryman took to his heels, scratching and biting in a most businesslike manner.

The sounds of the scuffling moved forward the shopkeeper from an inner room, and he inquired the cause of all the commotion.

"Why, I gave your father a sovereign, asking for change so that my mate might go and enjoy himself at the Fair; he has taken it to himself, but refuses to give me my change."

"He is not my father," said the shopkeeper. "Well, your grandfather then," responded the other.

The shopkeeper opened his till, and finding the sovereign there, handed over the required change, and the countryman departed, only to be met with the remark from his friend on the side, who had been an interested spectator of the scene:

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough nor Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by W. G. HEARNE & Co., Ltd., Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

VARICOSE VEINS CURED. Do not let anyone induce you to be operated on for VARICOSE VEINS. Operations for this complaint are only a temporary and painful relief.

CHARITY SUNDAY.

The streets of Beaufort were full of life on Sunday afternoon, when a demonstration was made by the local friendly societies and the local visiting bandsman in aid of the Beaufort Hospital. The satisfactory sum of £16 0/3 was realised by a collection at the gate. The collectors were Misses D. Nicholson, V. Halpin, and M. Rodgers.

The Postmaster-General (Mr Thomas), speaking at Perth on Monday, said that within the next three or four months he would have the honor of announcing penny postage throughout Australia, and at the same time Imperial penny postage would be introduced. A bill for the construction of the trans-Australian railway would be one of the principal measures next session.

FOR NERVES & BLOOD AND STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN "CLEMENTS TONIC" HAS NO EQUAL

More strength, energy, and happiness result from the use of Clements Tonic each year as it becomes more largely used. Anyone suffering from functional nerve trouble will find this remedy relieves naturally any nervous disorder. It is long-tried and well-tried for over 35 years. It still remains the standard Australian nerve and blood medicine.



MR. J. GOODMAN, Business Manager, Lyceum Theatre, Sydney.

CLEMENTS TONIC, LTD. "I consider it a duty to inform the theatrical profession, of which I am a member, and the public generally, of the medicinal value of the great remedy for impaired nerves—Clements Tonic. I have used it with great benefit, always feeling mentally keener after its use. It strengthens the nerves, corrects the stomach, purifies the blood, establishing sound health. In my opinion, it is the KING OF MEDICINE."

"Lyceum Theatre, 2/30/10." (Signed) "J. L. GOODMAN."

ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S BEST-KNOWN WRITERS ALSO SAYS HE HAS NEVER FOUND THE EQUAL OF THIS MEDICINE.

"For Brain Fog and Lassitude, from which most brain workers suffer, I have never found the equal of Clements Tonic. For the lingering after-effects of fever contracted in hot countries, it is without a rival. After two severe attacks of this complaint, I thought mine was beyond cure, until I tried Clements Tonic. In a surprisingly short time I attained health I report to Clements Tonic, and in no case has it ever failed to give me relief. I can, without the slightest hesitation, recommend it to all troubled in a similar way—Yours truly,

(Signed) "E. F. WICKHAM."

Thousands of persons swear by Clements Tonic for the nerves and blood. It is the sworn foe of indigestion, biliousness, sluggish liver, sick headache, anæmia, digestive ailments, melancholia, and debility. All grocers and storekeepers sell it everywhere. Wise people keep it on hand because it is the agent of health and vigor. Wise people keep it on hand because it does not summer weather it is absolutely the best medicine for women with poor blood or weak nerves, or for men who are debilitated and weak in nerves and vital power. Always keep it in the house, it means health.

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES AND MORTGAGE CO. LTD. WOOL WAREHOUSES. 573 to 579 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE. AUCTION SALES OF WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, TALLOW AND GRAIN WEEKLY. LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES ON THE ENSING CLIP OF WOOL For Sale in Melbourne or Shipment to London. The Company act Strictly as Selling Brokers. ADVANCES ON GRAIN.

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